THE
State of INNOCENCE,
AND
Fall of MAN:
AN
OPERA.

Written in Heroick VERSE; and
Dedicated to Her Royal HIGHNESS
THE
DUTCHESS.

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

——— Utinam modò dicere poſſem
Carmina digna Deâ: Certe eſt Dea Carmine digna. Ovid. Metam.

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TO

Her Royal Highneſs

THE

DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

AMBITION is ſo far from being a Vice in Poets, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for them to ſucceed without it. Imagination muſt be rais'd by a deſire of Fame, to a deſire of Pleaſing: And they whom in all Ages Poets have endeavour'd moſt to pleaſe, have been the Beautiful and the Great. Beauty is their Deity to which they ſacrifice, and Greatneſs is their Guardian-Angel which protects them. Both theſe are ſo eminently joyn'd in the Perſon of Your Royal Highneſs, that it were not eaſie for any but a Poet, to determine which of them out-ſhines the other. But, I confeſs, Madam, I am already byaſs'd in my Choice: I can eaſily reſign to others the Praiſe of Your Illuſtrious Family, and that Glory which you derive from a long-continu'd Race of Princes, famous for their Actions both in Peace and War: I can give up to the Hiſtorians of Your Country, the Names of ſo many Generals and Heroes which croud their Annals; and to our own, the Hopes of thoſe which You are to produce for the *Britiſh* Chronicle. I can yield, without Envy, to the Nation of Poets, the Family of *Eſte*, to which *Arioſto* and *Taſſo* have ow'd their Patronage; and to which the World has ow'd their Poems. But I could not, without extream reluctance, reſign the Theme of Your Beauty to another Hand. Give me leave, Madam, to acquaint the World that I am jealous of this Subject; and let it be no Diſhonour to You, that after having rais'd the Admiration of Mankind, You have inſpir'd one Man to give it voice. But with whatſoever Vanity this new Honour of being Your Poet has fill'd my Mind, I confeſs my ſelf too weak for the Inſpiration; the Prieſt was always unequal to the Oracle: The God within him was too mighty for his Breaſt. He labour'd with the Sacred Revelation, and there was more of the Myſtery left behind, than Divinity it ſelf could enable him to expreſs.

I can but diſcover a part of Your Excellencies to the World; and that too according to the meaſure of my own Weakneſs. Like thoſe who have ſurvey'd the Moon by Glaſſes, I can only tell of a new and ſhining World above us, but not relate the Riches and Glories of the Place. 'Tis therefore that I have already wav'd the Subject of Your Greatneſs, to reſign my ſelf to the Contemplation of what is more peculiarly Yours. Greatneſs is indeed communicated to ſome few of both Sexes; but Beauty is confin'd to a more narrow compaſs: 'Tis only in Your Sex; 'tis not ſhar'd by many; and its Supreme Perfection is in You alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot flatter. You have reconcil'd the differing Judgments of Mankind; for all Men are equal in their Judgment of what is eminently beſt. The Prize of Beauty was diſputed only till You were ſeen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims: There is no Competition but for the Second Place. Even the faireſt of our Iſland (which is fam'd for Beauties) not daring to commit their Cauſe againſt You, to the Suffrage of thoſe who moſt partially adore them. Fortune has, indeed, but render'd Juſtice to ſo much Excellence, in ſetting it ſo high to publick View; or rather Providence has done Juſtice to it ſelf, in placing the moſt perfect Workmanſhip of Heaven, where it may be admir'd by all Beholders. Had the Sun and Stars been ſeated lower, their Glory had not been communicated to all at once; and the Creator had wanted ſo much of his Praiſe, as he had made Your Condition more obſcure. But he has plac'd You ſo near a Crown, that You add a Luſtre to it by Your Beauty. You are joyn'd to a Prince who only could deſerve You; whoſe Conduct, Courage, and Succeſs in War, whoſe Fidelity to His Royal Brother, whoſe Love for His Country, whoſe Conſtancy to His Friends, whoſe Bounty to His Servants, whoſe Juſtice to Merit, whoſe Inviolable Truth, and whoſe Magnanimity in all his Actions, ſeem to have been rewarded by Heaven, by the Gift of You. You are never ſeen, but You are bleſt; and I am ſure You bleſs all thoſe who ſee You. We think not the Day is long enough when we behold You: And You are ſo much the Buſineſs of our Souls, that while You are in ſight, we can neither look nor think on any elſe. There are no Eyes for other Beauties: You only are preſent, and the reſt of Your Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill Your Triumph. Our Sight is ſo intent on the Object of its Admiration, that our Tongues have not leiſure even to praiſe You; for Language ſeems too low a thing to expreſs Your Excellence; and our Souls are ſpeaking ſo much within, that they deſpiſe all foreign Converſation. Every man, even the dulleſt, is thinking more than the moſt Eloquent can teach him how to utter. Thus, Madam, in the midſt of Crowds, You reign in Solitude; and are

ador'd

ador'd with the deepeſt Veneration, that of Silence. 'Tis true, You are above all mortal Wiſhes; no Man deſires Impoſſibilities, becauſe they are beyond the reach of Nature. To hope to be a God, is Folly exalted into Madneſs; but by the Laws of our Creation, we are oblig'd to adore Him; and are permitted to love Him too, at humane diſtance. 'Tis the Nature of Perfection to be attractive; but the Excellency of the Object refines the Nature of the Love. It ſtrikes an Impreſſion of awful Reverence; 'tis indeed that Love which is more properly a Zeal than Paſſion. 'Tis the Rapture which Anchorites find in Prayer, when a Beam of the Divinity ſhines upon them; that which makes them deſpiſe all worldly Objects; and yet 'tis all but Contemplation. They are ſeldom viſited from above; but a ſingle Viſion ſo tranſports them, that it makes up the Happineſs of their Lives. Mortality cannot bear it often: It finds them in the eagerneſs and heighth of their Devotion; they are ſpeechleſs for the time that it continues, and proſtrate and dead when it departs. The Ecſtaſie had needs be ſtrong, which, without any end but that of Admiration, has power enough to deſtroy all other Paſſions. You render Mankind inſenſible to other Beauties; and have deſtroy'd the Empire of Love, in a Court which was the ſeat of his Dominion. You have ſubverted (may I dare to accuſe You of it) even our Fundamental Laws, and reign abſolute over the Hearts of a ſtubborn and free-born People, tenacious almoſt to Madneſs of their Liberty. The brighteſt and moſt victorious of our Ladies make daily Complaints of revolted Subjects; if they may be ſaid to be revolted whoſe Servitude is not accepted; for Your Royal Highneſs is too great and too Juſt a Monarch, either to want or to receive the Homage of Rebellious Fugitives. Yet if ſome few among the Multitude continue ſtedfaſt to the firſt Pretenſions, 'tis an Obedience ſo lukewarm and languiſhing, that it merits not the Name of Paſſion: Their Addreſſes are ſo faint, and their Vows ſo hollow to their Soveraigns, that they ſeem only to maintain their Faith out of a Senſe of Honour: They are aſham'd to deſiſt, and yet grow careleſs to obtain: Like deſpairing Combatants they ſtrive againſt You, as if they had beheld unveil'd the Magical Shield of your *Arioſto*, which dazled the Beholders with too much Brightneſs; they can no longer hold up their Arms, they have read their Deſtiny in Your Eyes.

Splende lo Scudo, a guiſa di Piropo;
E Luce altra non é tanto lucente:
Cader in terra a lo ſplendor fu d' vopo,
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e ſeza mente.

And yet, Madam, if I could find in my ſelf the Power to leave this Argu-

Argument of Your Incomparable Beauty, I might turn to one which would equally oppreſs me with its Greatneſs. For Your conjugal Vertues have deſerv'd to be ſet as an Example to a leſs-degenerate, leſs-tainted Age. They approach ſo near to Singularity in ours, that I can ſcarcely make a Panegyrick to Your Royal Highneſs, without a Satyr on many others: But Your Perſon is a Paradiſe, and Your Soul a Cherubin within to guard it. If the Excellency of the out-ſide invite the Beholders, the Majeſty of Your Mind deters them from too bold Approaches, and turns their Admiration into Religion. Moral Perfections are rais'd higher by You in the Softer Sex; as if Men were of too courſe a Mould for Heaven to work on, and that the Image of Divinity could not be caſt to likeneſs in ſo harſh a Metal. Your Perſon is ſo admirable, that it can ſcarce receive Addition when it ſhall be glorify'd; and your Soul, which ſhines through it, finds it of a Subſtance ſo near her own, that ſhe will be pleas'd to paſs an Age within it, and to be confin'd to ſuch a Palace.

I know not how I am hurried back to my former Theme: I ought and purpos'd to have celebrated thoſe Endowments and Qualities of Your Mind, which were ſufficient, even without the Graces of the Perſon, to render You, as You are, the Ornament of the Court, and the Object of Wonder to three Kingdoms. But all my Praiſes are but as a Bull-ruſh caſt upon a Stream; if they ſink not, 'tis becauſe they are born up by the ſtrength of the Current, which ſupports their lightneſs; but they are carried round again, and return on the Eddy where they firſt began. I can proceed no farther than Your Beauty; and even on that too, I have ſaid ſo little, conſidering the Greatneſs of the Subject, that, like him who would lodge a Bowl upon a Precipice, either my Praiſe falls back, by the Weakneſs of the Delivery, or ſtays not on the Top, but rowls over, and is loſt on the other ſide. I intended this a Dedication; but how can I conſider what belongs to my ſelf, when I have been ſo long contemplating on You! Be pleas'd then, Madam, to receive this *POEM*, without intituling ſo much Excellency as Yours, to the Faults and Imperfections of ſo mean a Writer; and inſtead of being favourable to the Peace, which merits nothing, forgive the Preſumption of the Author; who is, with all poſſible Veneration,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's
Moſt Obedient,
Moſt Humble,
Moſt devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

To Mr. DRYDEN, *on his* POEM *of* PARADISE.

FOrgive me, awful Poet, if a Muſe,
Whom Artleſs Nature did for plainneſs chuſe,
In looſe Attire preſents her humble Thought
Of this beſt *Poem*, that you ever wrought,
This faireſt Labour of your teeming Brain,
I wou'd embrace, but not with Flatt'ry ſtain;
Something I wou'd to your vaſt Vertue raiſe,
But ſcorn to dawb it with a fulſome Praiſe;
That wou'd but blot the Work I wou'd commend,
And ſhew a Court-Admirer, not a Friend.
To the dead Bard your Fame a little owes,
For *Milton* did the wealthy Mine diſcloſe,
And rudely caſt what you could well diſpoſe:
He roughly drew on an old-faſhion'd Ground,
A Chaos; for no perfect World was found,
Till through the Heap your mighty Genius ſhin'd;
His was the golden Ore, which you refin'd.
He firſt beheld the Beauteous ruſtick Maid,
And to a Place of Strength the Prize convey'd;
You took her thence, to Court this Virgin brought,
Dreſt her with Gems, new weav'd her hard-ſpun Thought,
And ſofteſt Language, ſweeteſt Manners taught.
Till from a Comet ſhe a Star did riſe,
Not to affright, but pleaſe our wond'ring Eyes.
Betwixt ye both is fram'd a Nobler Piece,
Than e'er was drawn in *Italy* or *Greece*.
Thou from his Source of Thoughts ev'n Souls doſt bring,
As ſmiling Gods from ſullen *Saturn* ſpring.
When Night's dull Mask the Face of Heav'n does wear,
'Tis doubtful Light, but here and there a Star,

Which

Which ſerves the dreadful Shadows to diſplay,
That vaniſh at the riſing of the Day;
But then Bright Robes the Meadows all adorn,
And the World looks as it were newly born.
So when your Senſe his Myſtick Reaſon clear'd,
The Melancholy Scene all Gay appear'd;
New Light leapt up, and a new Glory ſmil'd,
And all throughout was mighty, all was mild.
Before this Palace which thy Wit did build,
Which various Fancy did ſo gawdy gild,
And Judgment has with ſolid Riches fill'd,
My humbler Muſe begs ſhe may Centry ſtand,
Amongſt the reſt that guard this *Eden* Land.
But there's no need, for ev'n thy Foes conſpire
Thy Praiſe; and hating thee, thy Work admire.
On then, O mighty'ſt of th' inſpired Men,
Monarch of Verſe, new Themes employ thy Pen;
The Troubles of Majeſtick *CHARLES* ſet down,
Not *David* vanquiſh'd more to reach a Crown.
Praiſe Him, as *Cowley* did that *Hebrew* King,
Thy Theme's as great, do thou as greatly ſing.
Then thou may'ſt boldly to his Favour riſe,
Look down, and the baſe Serpent's Hiſs deſpiſe:
From thund'ring Envy ſafe in Lawrel ſit,
While clam'rous Criticks their Vile Heads ſubmit,
Condemn'd for Treaſon at the Bar of Wit.

Nat. Lee.

The Author's Apology for Heroick Poetry, and Poetick Licence.

TO ſatisfie the Curioſity of thoſe who will give themſelves the trouble of reading the enſuing POEM, I think my ſelf obliged to render them a Reaſon, why I publiſh an OPERA which was never acted. In the firſt place, I ſhall not be aſham'd to own, That my chiefeſt Motive, was the Ambition which I acknowledg'd in the Epiſtle. I was deſirous to lay at the Feet of ſo Beautiful and Excellent a Princeſs, a Work, which, I confeſs, was unworthy Her; but which I hope She will have the Goodneſs to forgive. I was alſo induc'd to it in my own defence, many hundred Copies of it being diſpers'd abroad, without my Knowledge or Conſent; ſo that every one gathering new Faults, it became at length a Libel againſt me; and I ſaw, with ſome diſdain, more Nonſenſe than either I, or as bad a Poet could have cram'd into it, at a Month's warning; in which time, 'twas wholly written, and not ſince reviſ'd. After this, I cannot, without Injury to the deceas'd Author of Paradiſe Loſt, but acknowledge that this POEM has receiv'd its entire Foundation, part of the Deſign, and many of the Ornaments from him. What I have borrow'd, will be ſo eaſily diſcern'd from my mean Productions, that I ſhall not need to point the Reader to the Places: And, truly, I ſhould be ſorry, for my own ſake, that any one ſhould take the pains to compare them together, the Original being undoubtedly one of the greateſt, moſt noble, and moſt ſublime POEMS, which either this Age or Nation has produc'd. And tho' I could not refuſe the Partiality of my Friend, who is pleas'd to commend me in his Verſes, I hope they will rather be eſteem'd the effect of his Love to me, than of his deliberate and ſober Judgment. His Genius is able to make beautiful what he pleaſes: Yet, as he has been too favourable to me, I doubt not but he will bear of his Kindneſs from many of our Contemporaries: For we are fallen into an Age of Illiterate, Cenſorius, and Detracting People; who thus qualified, ſet up for Criticks.

In the firſt place, I muſt take leave to tell them, that they wholly miſtake the nature of Criticiſm, who think its Buſineſs is principally to find fault. Criticiſm, as 'twas firſt inſtituted by Ariſtotle, was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefeſt part of which, is to obſerve thoſe Excellencies which ſhould delight a reaſonable Reader. If the Deſign, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expreſſions of a Poem, be generally ſuch as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry. The Critick ought to paſs his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious and unmanly to ſnarle

at the little lapſes of a Pen, from which Virgil *himſelf ſtands not exempted.* Horace *acknowledges that honeſt* Homer *nods ſometimes: He is not equally awake in every Line: But he leaves it alſo as a ſtanding Meaſure for our Judgments,*

—Non, ubi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis
Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.——

And Longinus, *who was undoubtedly, after* Ariſtotle, *the greateſt Critick among the* Greeks, *in his twenty ſeventh Chapter* περὶ ὕψους, *has judiciouſly preferr'd the ſublime Genius that ſometimes errs, to the midling or indifferent one which makes few Faults, but ſeldom or never riſes to any Excellence. He compares the firſt to a Man of large Poſſeſſions, who has not leiſure to conſider of every ſlight Expence, will not debaſe himſelf to the management of every Trifle: Particular Summs are not laid out or ſpar'd to the greateſt Advantage in his Oeconomy; but are ſometimes ſuffer'd to run to waſte, while he is only careful of the Main. On the other ſide, he likens the Mediocrity of Wit, to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extream frugality, or rather parſimony; but who, with fear of running into profuſeneſs, never arrives to the magnificence of living. This kind of Genius writes, indeed, correctly: A wary Man he is in Grammar; very nice as to Solœciſm or Barbariſm, judges to a hair of little Decencies, knows better than any Man what is not to be written, and never hazards himſelf ſo far as to fall; but plods on deliberately, and, as a grave Man ought, is ſure to put his Staff before him: In ſhort, he ſets his Heart upon it, and with wonderful care makes his Buſineſs ſure; that is, in plain* Engliſh, *neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd——I could, ſaith my Author, find out ſome Blemiſhes in* Homer; *and am, perhaps, as naturally inclin'd to be diſguſted at a Fault as another Man. But, after all, to ſpeak impartially, his Failings are ſuch, as are only Marks of humane Frailty; they are little Miſtakes, or rather Negligences, which have eſcap'd his Pen in the fervour of his writing; the ſublimity of his Spirit carries it with me, againſt his careleſneſs: And tho'* Apollonius *his* Argonautes, *and* Theocritus *his* Eidullia, *are more free from Errors, there is not any Man of ſo falſe a Judgment, who would chuſe rather to have been* Apollonius *or* Theocritus, *than* Homer.

'Tis worth our conſideration, a little to examine how much theſe Hypercriticks *of* Engliſh *Poetry, differ from the* Opinion *of the* Greek *and* Latin *Judges of Antiquity, from the* Italians *and* French *who have ſucceeded them; and, indeed, from the general Taſte and Approbation of all Ages. Heroick Poetry, which they contemn, has ever been eſteem'd, and ever will be, the greateſt Work of Humane Nature; in that rank has* Ariſtotle *plac'd it, and* Longinus *is ſo full of the like Expreſſions, that he abundantly confirms the others Teſtimony.* Horace *as plainly delivers his Opinion, and particularly praiſes* Homer *in theſe Verſes:*

Trojani

Trojani Belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi;
Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

And in another place, modeſtly excluding himſelf from the number of Poets, becauſe he only writ Odes and Satyrs, he tells you a Poet is ſuch an one,

——Cui mens Divinior atque os
magna ſoniturum.

Quotations are ſuperfluous in an eſtabliſh'd Truth, otherwiſe I could reckon up amongſt the Moderns, all the Italian *Commentators on* Ariſtotle's *Book of Poetry; amongſt the* French, *the greateſt in this Age,* Boileau *and* Rapin; *the latter of which is alone ſufficient, were all other Criticks loſt, to teach anew the Rules of Writing. Any Man who will ſeriouſly conſider the Nature of an Epick Poem, how it agrees with that of Poetry in general, which is to inſtruct and to delight; what Action s it deſcribes, and what Perſons they are chiefly whom it informs, will find it a Work which indeed is full of difficulty in the attempt, but admirable when 'tis well perform'd. I write not this with the leaſt intention to undervalue the other parts of Poetry; for Comedy is both excellently inſtructive, and extreamly pleaſant: Satyr laſhes Vice into Reformation, and Humour repreſents Folly ſo as to render it ridiculous. Many of our preſent Writers are eminent in both theſe kinds; and particularly the Author of the* Plain Dealer, *whom I am proud to call my* Friend, *has oblig'd all honeſt and vertuous Men, by one of the moſt bold, moſt general, and moſt uſeful Satyrs which has ever been preſented on the Engliſh Theatre. I do not diſpute the preference of Tragedy; let every Man enjoy his taſte; but 'tis unjuſt, that they who have not the leaſt notion of Heroick writing, ſhould therefore condemn the pleaſure which others receive from it, becauſe they cannot comprehend it. Let them pleaſe their Appetites in eating what they like; but let them not force their Diſh on all the Table. They who would combat general Authority, with particular Opinion, muſt firſt eſtabliſh themſelves a Reputation of underſtanding better than other Men. Are all the Flights of Heroick Poetry to be concluded bombaſt, unnatural, and meer madneſs, becauſe they are not affected with their Excellencies? 'Tis juſt as reaſonable as to conclude there is no Day, becauſe a blind Man cannot diſtinguiſh of Light and Colours; ought they not rather in modeſty, to doubt of their own Judgments, when they think this or that Expreſſion in* Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, *or* Milton's Paradiſe, *to be too far ſtrain'd, than poſitively to conclude, that 'tis all Fuſtian and meer Nonſenſe? 'Tis true, there are limits to be ſet betwixt the boldneſs and raſhneſs of a Poet; but he muſt underſtand thoſe limits who pretends to judge, as well as he who undertakes to write; and he who has no liking to the whole, ought in reaſon to be excluded from cenſuring of the Parts. He muſt be a Lawyer, before he mounts the Tribunal; and the Judicature of one Court*

too, does not qualifie a Man to preſide in another. He may be an excellent Pleader in the Chancery, *who is not fit to rule the* Common-Pleas. *But I will preſume for once to tell them, that the boldeſt ſtrokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd Artfully, are thoſe which moſt delight the* Reader.

Virgil *and* Horace, *the ſevereſt Writers of the ſevereſt Age, have made frequent uſe of the hardeſt Metaphors, and of the ſtrongeſt Hyperboles: And in this caſe the beſt Authority is the beſt Argument. For generally to have pleas'd, through all Ages, muſt bear the force of Univerſal Tradition. And if you would appeal from thence to Right Reaſon, you will gain no more by it in effect, than firſt, to ſet up your Reaſon againſt thoſe Authors; and ſecondly, againſt all thoſe who have admir'd them. You muſt prove why that ought not to have pleas'd, which has pleas'd the moſt Learned, and the moſt Judicious: And to be thought knowing, you muſt firſt put the Fool upon all Mankind. If you can enter more deeply than they have done, into the Cauſes and Reſorts of that which moves Pleaſure in a Reader, the Field is open, you may be heard. But thoſe Springs of Humane Nature, are not ſo eaſily diſcover'd by every ſuperficial Judge: It requires Philoſophy as well as Poetry, to ſound the depth of all the Paſſions; what they are in themſelves, and how they are to be provok'd; and in this Science the beſt Poets have excell'd.* Ariſtotle *rais'd the Fabrick of his Poetry, from obſervations of thoſe things, in which* Euripides, Sophocles, *and* Æſchylus *pleas'd: He conſidered how they rais'd the Paſſions, and thence has drawn Rules for our Imitation. From hence have ſprung the Tropes and Figures, for which they wanted a Name, who firſt practis'd them, and ſucceeded in them: Thus I grant you, that the knowledge of Nature was the Original Rule, and that all Poets ought to ſtudy her; as well as* Ariſtotle *and* Horace *her Interpreters. But then this alſo undeniably follows, That thoſe things which delight all Ages, muſt have been an Imitation of Nature; which is all I contend. Therefore is Rhetorick made an Art; therefore the Names of ſo many Tropes and Figures were invented; becauſe it was obſerv'd they had ſuch and ſuch an Effect upon the Audience. Therefore* Catachreſes *and* Hyperboles *have found their place amongſt them; not that they are to be avoided, but to be us'd judiciouſly, and plac'd in Poetry, as heightenings and ſhadows are in Painting, to make the Figure bolder, and cauſe it to ſtand off to ſight.*

——Nec reteia Cervis
Ulla, dolum meditantur, *ſays* Virgil *in his* Eclogues. *And ſpeaking of* Leander *in his* Georgicks,

Cæca nocte natat ſerus freta, quem ſuper, ingens
Porta tonat Cœli; & ſcopulis illiſa reclamant
Æquora: ——

In both of theſe you ſee he fears not to give Voice and Thought to things inanimate.

Will you arraign your Maſter Horace, *for his hardneſs of Expreſſion, when*

when he describes the Death of Cleopatra? *and says she did* Asperos tractare serpentes, ut atrum corpore combiberet venenum? *because the Body in that Action performs what is proper to the Mouth.*

As for Hyperboles, *I will neither quote* Lucan, *nor* Statius, *Men of an unbounded Imagination, but who often wanted the Poize of Judgment. The Divine* Virgil *was not liable to that exception; and yet he describes* Polyphemus *thus:*

——————Graditurque per æquor
Jam medium; nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

In Imitation of this place, our admirable Cowley *thus paints* Goliah.

The Valley, now, this Monster seem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up to him from our Hill.

Where the two Words Seem'd *and* Methought, *have mollified the Figure; and yet if they had not been there, the fright of the* Israelites *might have excused their belief of the Giant's Stature.*

In the eighth of the Æneids, Virgil *paints the Swiftness of* Camilla *thus:*

Illa vel intacte segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas;
Vel Mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

You are not oblig'd, as in History, to a literal Belief of what the Poet says: but you are pleas'd with the Image, without being couzen'd by the Fiction.

Yet even in History, Longinus *quotes* Herodotus *on this occasion of* Hyperboles. *The* Lacedemonians, *says he, at the Straits of* Thyrmopylæ, *defended themselves to the last Extremity; and when their Arms fail'd them, fought it out with their Nails and Teeth; till at length (the* Persians *shooting continually upon them) they lay buried under the Arrows of their Enemies. It is not reasonable, (continues the* Critick) *to believe that Men could defend themselves with their Nails and Teeth from an armed multitude; nor that they lay buried under a Pile of Darts and Arrows: and yet there want not probability for the Figure; because the* Hyperbole *seems not to have been made for the sake of the Description, but rather to have been produc'd from the occasion.*

'Tis true, the boldness of the Figures are to be hidden sometimes by the address of the Poet, that they may work their Effect upon the Mind, without discovering the Art which caus'd it. And therefore they are principally to be us'd in Passion; when we speak more warmly, and with more precipitation than at other times: For then, Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi; *the Poet must put on the Passion he endeavours to represent. A Man in such an occasion is not cool enough, either to reason rightly, or to talk calmly. Aggravations are then in their proper Places; Interrogations, Exclamations, Hyperbata, or a disorder'd connexion of Discourse, are graceful there, because they are Natural. The summ of all depends on what before I hinted, that this boldness of Expression is not*

to

to be blam'd; if it be manag'd by the Coolneſs and Diſcretion which is neceſſary to a Poet.

Yet before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice how diſingenuous our Adverſaries appear: All that is dull, inſipid, languiſhing, and without Sinews in a Poem, they call an Imitation of Nature: They only offend our moſt equitable Judges, who think beyond them; and lively Images and Elocution are never to be forgiven.

What Fuſtian, as they call it, have I heard theſe Gentlemen find out in Mr. Cowley's *Odes? I acknowledge my ſelf unworthy to defend ſo excellent an Author: Neither have I room to do it here; only in general I will ſay, That nothing can appear more beautiful to me, than the Strength of thoſe Images which they condemn.*

Imaging is, in it ſelf, the very heighth and life of Poetry. 'Tis, as Longinus *deſcribes it, a Diſcourſe, which by a kind of Enthuſiaſm, or extraordinary emotion of the Soul, makes it ſeem to us that we behold thoſe things which the Poet paints, ſo as to be pleas'd with them, and to admire 'em.*

If Poetry be Imitation, that part of it muſt needs be beſt, which deſcribes moſt lively our Actions and Paſſions, our Vertues and our Vices, our Follies and our Humours; for neither is Comedy without its part of Imaging; and they who do it beſt, are certainly the moſt excellent in their kind. This is too plainly prov'd to be denied. But how are Poetical Fictions, how are Hippocentaurs and Chimæra's, or how are Angels and Immaterial Subſtances to be imaged; which, ſome of them, are things quite out of Nature; others, ſuch whereof we can have no notion? This is the laſt refuge of our Adverſaries, and more than any of them have yet had the wit to object againſt us. The Anſwer is eaſie to the firſt part of it. The Fiction of ſome Beings which are not in Nature, (ſecond Notions as the Logicians call them) has been founded on the conjunction of two Natures, which have a real ſeparate Being. So Hippocentaurs *were imag'd by joyning the Natures of a Man and Horſe together; as* Lucretius *tells us, who has uſed this word of Image oftner than any of the Poets.*

Nam certè ex vivo, Centauri non fit Imago,
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animai:
Verum ubi equi atque hominis, caſu, convenit Imago,
Hæreſcit facilè extemplo, *&c.*

The ſame reaſon may alſo be alledged for Chimæra's *and the reſt. And Poets may be allow'd the like Liberty, for deſcribing things which really exiſt not, if they are founded on popular Belief: Of this Nature are Fairies, Pigmies, and the extraordinary Effects of Magick: For 'tis ſtill an Imitation, tho' of other Men's Fancies; and thus are* Shakeſpear's Tempeſt, *his* Midſummer Nights Dream, *and* Ben. Johnſon's Mask of Witches, *to be defended. For Immaterial Subſtances we are authoriz'd by Scripture in their deſcription; and herein the Text accommodates it ſelf to vulgar Apprehenſion, in giving Angels the likeneſs of beautiful young Men.*

Men. Thus, after the Pagan Divinity, has Homer *drawn his Gods with human Faces: And thus we have Notions of things above us, by describing them like other Beings more within our Knowledge.*

I wish I could produce any one Example of excellent Imaging in all this Poem: Perhaps I cannot; but that which comes nearest it, is in these four Lines, which have been sufficiently canvas'd by my well-natur'd Censors.

Seraph and *Cherub*, careless of their Charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large.
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky;
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujah's lie.

I have heard (says one of them) of Anchoves dissolv'd in Sauce, but never of an Angel in Hallelujah's. *A mighty Witticism! (if you will pardon a new Word) but there is some difference between a Laugher and a Critick. He might have burlesqu'd* Virgil *too, from whom I took the Image:* Invadunt Urbem, somno vinóq; sepultam. *A City's being buried, is just as proper an occasion, as an Angel's being dissolv'd in Ease, and Songs of Triumph. Mr.* Cowley *lies as open too in many places:*

Where their vast Courts the Mother-Waters keep, *&c. For if the Mass of Waters be the Mothers, then their Daughters the little Streams, are bound in all good manners, to make Curt'sie to them, and ask them Blessing. How easie 'tis to turn into ridicule the best Descriptions, when once a Man is in the humour of laughing, till he wheezes at his own dull Jest! But an Image which is strongly and beautifully set before the Eyes of the* Reader, *will still be Poetry when the merry Fit is over; and last when the other is forgotten.*

I promis'd to say somewhat of Poetick Licence, *but have in part anticipated my Discourse already.* Poetick Licence, *I take to be the Liberty which Poets have assum'd to themselves in all Ages, of speaking things in Verse, which are beyond the severity of Prose. 'Tis that particular character, which distinguishes and sets the bounds betwixt* Oratio soluta *and* Poetry. *This, as to what regards the Thought, or Imagination of a Poet, consists in Fiction; but then those Thoughts must be express'd; and here arise two other branches of it: For if this* Licence *be included in a single word, it admits of Tropes; if in a Sentence or Proposition, of Figures: Both which, are of a much larger extent, and more forcibly to be us'd in Verse than Prose. This is that Birth-right which is deriv'd to us from our great Fore-fathers, even from* Homer *down to* Ben. *And they who would deny it to us, have, in plain terms, the Foxes Quarrel to the Grapes, they cannot reach it.*

How far these Liberties are to be extended, I will not presume to determine here, since Horace *does not. But it is certain, that they are to be varied according to the Language and Age in which an Author writes. That which would be allow'd to a* Grecian *Poet,* Martial *tells you, would not be suffer'd in a* Roman. *And 'tis evident, that the* English *does more*

nearly

nearly follow the ſtrictneſs of the latter, than the freedoms of the' former. Connection of Epithetes, or the conjunction of two Words in one, are frequent and elegant in the Greek, which yet Sir Philip Sidney, *and the Tranſlator of* Du Bartas, *have unluckily attempted in the Engliſh; tho' this, I confeſs, is not ſo proper an Inſtance of* Poetick Licence, *as it is of variety of* Idiom *in Languages.*

Horace *a little explains himſelf on this Subject of* Licentia Poetica, *in Verſes:*

——————Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas:
Sed non, ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes Avibus geminentur, Tygribus Hœdi.

He would have a Poem of a Piece; not to begin one thing, and end with another: He reſtrains it ſo far, that thoughts of an unlike Nature, ought not to be joyn'd together. That were indeed to make a Chaos. He tax'd not Homer, *nor the Divine* Virgil, *for intereſſing their Gods in the Wars of* Troy *and* Italy: *Neither, had he now liv'd, would he have tax'd* Milton, *as our falſe Criticks have preſum'd to do, for his Choice of a ſupernatural Argument; but he would have blam'd my Author, who was a Chriſtian, had he introduc'd into his Poems Heathen Deities, as* Taſſo *is condemn'd by* Rapin *on the like occaſion: And at* Camoëns, *the Author of the* Luſiads *ought to be cenſur'd by all his Readers, when he brings in* Bacchus *and* Chriſt *into the ſame Adventure of his Fable. From that which has been ſaid, it may be collected, that the Definition of Wit (which has been ſo often attempted, and ever unſucceſsfully, by many Poets) is only this, That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject. If our Criticks will joyn iſſue on this Definition, that we may* convenire in aliquo tertio; *if they will take it as a granted Principle, 'twill be eaſie to put an end to the Diſpute. No Man will diſagree from another's Judgment, concerning this Dignity of Style, in Heroick Poetry; but all reaſonable Men will conclude it neceſſary, that ſublimeſt Subjects ought to be adorn'd with the ſublimeſt, and (conſequently often) with the moſt figurative Expreſſions. In the mean time, I will not run into their fault of impoſing my Opinions on other Men, any more than I would my Writings on their Taſte: I have only laid down, and that ſuperficially enough, my preſent Thoughts; and ſhall be glad to be taught better, by thoſe who pretend to reform our Poetry.*

THE

The State of INNOCENCE:

AND

FALL of MAN.

An *OPERA.*

The first Scene represents a Chaos, *or a confus'd Mass of Matter; the Stage is almost wholly dark. A Symphony of Warlike Musick is heard for some time; then from the Heavens, (which are opened) fall the rebellious Angels, wheeling in the Air, and seeming transfix'd with Thunderbolts. The bottom of the Stairs being opened, receives the Angels, who fall out of sight. Tunes of Victory are played, and an Hymn sung, Angels discovered above, brandishing their Swords. The Musick ceasing, and the Heavens being closed, the Scene shifts, and on a sudden represents Hell. Part of the Scene is a Lake of Brimstone, or rowling Fire; the Earth of a burnt Colour. The fallen Angels appear on the Lake, lying prostrate; a Tune of Horrour and Lamentation is heard.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Lucifer *raising himself on the Lake.*

Lucifer. IS this the Seat our Conquerour has given?
And this the Climate we must change for Heaven?
These Regions and this Realm my Wars have got;
This mournful Empire is the Loser's Lot:
In liquid Burnings, or on Dry to dwell,
Is all the sad variety of Hell.
But see the Victor has recall'd from far,
Th' Avenging Storms, his Ministers of War;
His Shafts are spent, and his tir'd Thunders sleep,
Nor longer bellow through the boundless Deep.

Beſt take th' occaſion, and theſe Waves forſake,
While time is given. Ho, *Aſmoday*, awake,
If thou art he: But, ah! how chang'd from him,
Companion of my Arms! how wan! how dim!
How faded all thy Glories are! I ſee
My ſelf too well, and mine own Change, in thee.

Aſmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who in the Fields of Light,
Led'ſt forth the imbattel'd Seraphims to fight,
Who ſhook th' Power of Heav'n's eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate;
But now thoſe Hopes are fled: Thus low we lie,
Shut from his Day, and that contented Skie;
And loſt, as far as heav'nly Forms can die;
Yet, not all periſh'd, we defie him ſtill,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will.

Lucif. Strength may return.

Aſm. Already of thy Vertue I partake,
Erected by thy Voice.

Lucif. ——————See on the Lake
Our Troops, like ſcatter'd Leaves in Autumn, lie;
Firſt let us raiſe our ſelves, and ſeek the dry,
Perhaps more eaſie dwelling.

Aſm. ——————From the Beach,
Thy well-known Voice, the ſleeping Gods will reach,
And wake th' Immortal Senſe, which Thunder's Noiſe
Had quell'd, and Lightning, deep had driven within 'em.

Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, our ſelves we'll rear,
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air:
Hell, thy new Lord receive,
Heav'n cannot envy me an Empire here.

[*Both fly to dry Land.*]

Aſm. Thus far we have prevail'd; if that be gain
Which is but change of Place, not change of Pain.
Now ſummon we the reſt.

Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'n's bright Hoſt,
(O Heav'n's, once yours; but now, in Battel loſt)
Wake from your ſlumber: Are your Beds of Downe?
Sleep you ſo eaſie there? or fear the Frown
Of Him who threw you thence, and joys to ſee
Your abject State confeſs his Victory?
Riſe, riſe, e'er from his Battelments he view
Your proſtrate Poſtures, and his Bolts renew,
To ſtrike you deeper down.

Aſm.

Aſm. ——————They wake, they hear,
Shake off their Slumber firſt, and next their Fear;
And only for th' appointed Signal ſtay.
Lucif. Riſe from the Flood, and hither wing your way.
Mol. from the Lake. Thine to command, our part 'tis to obey.

The reſt of the Devils riſe up, and fly to the Land.

Lucif. So now we are our ſelves again, an Hoſt
Fit to tempt Fate, once more, for what we loſt.
T'o'erleap the Etherial Fence, or if ſo high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Skie,
And blow him up, who juſtly rules us now,
Becauſe more ſtrong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis juſt to win
The higheſt Place; t' attempt, and fail, is ſin.
Mol. Chang'd as we are, we're yet from Homage free;
We have, by Hell, at leaſt gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our Fall; thus low tho' we are driven,
Better to rule in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven.
Lucif. There ſpoke the better half of *Lucifer*!
Aſm. 'Tis fit in frequent Senate we conferr,
And then determine how to ſteer our courſe;
To wage new War by Fraud, or open Force.
The Doom's now paſt; Submiſſion were in vain.
Mol. And, were it not, ſuch Baſeneſs I diſdain.
I would not ſtoop, to purchaſe all above;
And ſhould contemn a Pow'r whom Pray'r could move,
As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.
Beelzebub. *Moloch*, in that, all are reſolv'd like thee,
The means are unpropos'd; but 'tis not fit
Our dark *Divan* in publick view ſhould ſit,
Or what we plot againſt the Thunderer,
Th' ignoble Crowd of vulgar Devils hear.
Lucif. A golden Palace let be rais'd on high;
To imitate? No, to out-ſhine the Sky!
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the reſt;
Let this be done, and quick as 'twas expreſt.

A Palace riſes, where ſit, as in a Council, Lucifer, Aſmoday, Moloch, Belial, Beelzebub, *and* Sathan.

Moſt high and mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heav'n, to riſe States-General of Hell;
Nor yet repent, tho' ruin'd and undone,
Our upper Provinces already won,

(Such Pride there is in Souls created free,
Such Hate of Univerſal Monarchy;
Speak, (for we therefore meet)——
If Peace you chuſe, your Suffrages declare;
Or Means propound, to carry on the War.

Mol. My Sentence is for War; that open too:
Unskill'd in Stratagems, plain Force I know:
Treaties are vain to Loſers: Nor would we,
Should Heav'n grant Peace, ſubmit to Sov'raignty.
We can no Caution give, we will adore;
And he above is warn'd to truſt no more.
What then remains but Battel?

Sathan. I agree,
With this brave Vote; and if in Hell there be
Ten more ſuch Spirits, Heav'n's our own again:
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.
Yet who can hope but well, ſince e'en Succeſs
Makes Foes ſecure, and makes our Danger leſs.
Seraph and *Cherub* careleſs of their Charge,
And wanton, in full eaſe, now live at large,
Unguarded leave the Paſſes of the Sky,
And all diſſolv'd in *Hallelujahs* lie.

Mol. Grant that our hazardous Attempt prove vain;
We feel the worſt, ſecur'd from greater Pain:
Perhaps we may provoke the conqu'ring Foe
To make us nothing; yet, ev'n then we know
That not to be, is not to be in woe.

Belial. That Knowledge which as Spirits we obtain,
Is to be valu'd in the midſt of Pain:
Annihilation were to loſe Heav'n more:
We are not quite exil'd, where Thought can ſoar.
Then ceaſe from Arms;——
Tempt him not farther to purſue his Blow;
And be content to bear thoſe Pains we know.
If what we had we could not keep, much leſs
Can we regain what thoſe above poſſeſs.

Beelzeb. Heav'n ſleeps not; from one wink a Breach would be
In the full Circle of Eternity.
Long Pains, with uſe of bearing are half eas'd;
Heav'n unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.
By War we can't eſcape our wretched Lot;
And may, perhaps, not warring, be forgot.

Aſm. Could we repent, or did not Heav'n well know
Rebellion once forgiv'n, would greater grow.

I ſhould, with *Belial*, chuſe ignoble eaſe,
But neither would the Conquerour give Peace,
Nor yet ſo loſt in this low State we are,
As to deſpair of a well-manag'd War.
Nor need we tempt thoſe Heights which Angels keep,
Who fear no Force, or Ambuſh from the Deep.
What if we find ſome eaſier Enterprize?
There is a place, if ancient Prophecies
And Fame of Heav'n not err, the bleſt Abode
Of ſome new Race, call'd Man, a Demi-God,
Whom, near this time, th' Almighty muſt create;
He ſwore it, ſhook the Heaven's, and made it Fate.
Lucif. I heard it; through all Heav'n the rumour ran,
And much they talk of this intended *Man*:
Of form Divine; but leſs in Excellence
Than we, endu'd with Reaſon lodg'd in Senſe:
The Soul pure Fire, like ours of equal force;
But, pent in Fleſh, muſt iſſue by Diſcourſe:
We ſee what is; to Man Truth muſt be brought
By Senſe, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:
By that faint Light, to will and underſtand;
For made leſs knowing, he's at more command.
Aſm. Tho' Heav'n be ſhut, that World if it be made,
As neareſt Heav'n, lies open to invade:
Man therefore muſt be known, his Strength, his State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.
Him let us then ſeduce, or overthrow:
The firſt is eaſieſt; and makes Heav'n his Foe.
Adviſe, If this Attempt be worth our Care.
Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the Hazards are.
Some one (but who that Task dares undertake?)
Of this new Creature muſt diſcovery make.
Hell's Brazen Gates he firſt muſt break, then far
Muſt wander through old night, and through the War
Of antique Chaos; and when theſe are paſt,
Meet Heav'n's Out-guards, who ſcout upon the waſte:
At every Station muſt be bid to ſtand,
And forc'd to anſwer ev'ry ſtrict Demand.
Mol. This glorious Enterprize——— [*Riſing up.*
Lucif. ——————Raſh Angel, ſtay;
[*Riſing, and laying his Sceptre on* Moloch's *Head.*
That Palm is mine, which none ſhall take away.
Hot Braves, like thee, may fight; but now not well
To manage this, the laſt great Stake of Hell.

Why

Why am I rank'd in State above the reſt,
If, while I ſtand of Sovereign Power poſſeſt,
Another dares in danger farther go?
Kings are not made for eaſe, and Pageant-ſhow.
Who would be Conquerour muſt venture all:
He merits not to riſe, who dares not fall.
Aſm. The Praiſe and Danger then be all your own.
Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:
Through Brazen Gates, vaſt Chaos, and old Night,
I'll force my way; and upwards ſteer my flight:
Diſcover this new World, and newer Man;
Make him my Foot-ſtep to mount Heav'n again:
Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,
We'll ſcour our Spots, and the dire Thunders ſcar,
With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,
And once again grow bright, and once again grow fair.
Aſm. Mean time the Youth of Hell ſtrict guard may keep,
And ſet their Centries to the utmoſt Deep.
That no Etherial Paraſite may come
To ſpie our Ills, and tell glad Tales at home.
Lucif. Before yon' Brimſtone-Lake thrice ebb and flow,
(Alas, that we muſt meaſure Time by Woe!)
I ſhall return; (my Mind preſages well)
And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.
Your Care I much approve; what time remains,
With Sports and Muſick, in the Vales and Fields,
And whate'er Joy ſo ſad a Climate yields,
Seek to forget, at leaſt divert your Pains.

Betwixt the firſt Act, and the ſecond, while the Chiefs ſit in the Palace, may be expreſſed the Sports of the Devils; as Flights and Dancing in Croteſque Figures; and a Song expreſſing the Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd before; and how they fell bravely in Battle, having deſerved Victory by their Valour; and what they would have done, if they had conquer'd.

ACT.

ACT II.

Scene I. *A Champain Countrey.*

Adam, *as newly created, laid on a Bed of Moſs and Flowers, by a Rock.*

[*Riſing.*

Adam. WHat am I? Or from whence? For that I am,
I know, becauſe I think; but whence I came,
Or how this frame of mine began to be,
What other Being can diſcloſe to me?
I move, I ſee, I ſpeak, diſcourſe and know;
Tho' now I am, I was not always ſo.
Then that from which I was muſt be before,
Whom, as my Spring of Being I adore.
How full of Ornament is all I view,
In all its Parts! and ſeems as beautiful as new:
O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine,
Of thee I am; and what I am is thine!

[Raphael *deſcends to* Adam *in a Cloud.*

Raphael. Firſt of Mankind, made o'er the World to reign,
Whoſe fruitful Loins an unborn Kind contain,
Well haſt thou reaſon'd; of Himſelf is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin, who ne'er can end;
On Him all Beings, as their Source, depend.
We firſt, who of his Image muſt partake,
Whom He all Sp'rits Immortal, Pure did make
Man next; whoſe Race exalted, muſt ſupply
The Place of thoſe, who, falling, loſt the Sky.

Adam. Bright Miniſter of Heav'n, ſent here below
To me, who but begin to think and know;
If ſuch could fall from Bliſs, who knew and ſaw,
By near Admiſſion, their Creator's Law;
What Hopes have I, from Heav'n remote ſo far,
To keep thoſe Laws, unknowing when I err.

Raphael. Right Reaſon's Laws to ev'ry humane Heart
Th' Eternal, as his Image, will impart:
This teaches to adore Heav'ns Majeſty:
In Pray'r and Praiſe does all Devotion lie:
So doing, thou and all thy Race are bleſt.

Adam. Of every creeping thing, of Bird and Beaſt,

I see the Kinds; in Pairs distinct they go:
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know.
Thou nam'dst a Race which must proceed from me,
Yet my whole Species in my self I see:
A barren Sex, and single, of no use;
But full of Forms, which I can ne'er produce.
Raphael. Think not the Pow'r who made thee thus can find
No way like theirs to propagate thy Kind.
Mean time, live happy in thy self alone;
Like him, who, single fills th' Etherial Throne.
To study Nature will thy time employ:
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect Joy.
Adam. If Solitude were best, th' All-wise above
Had made no Creature for himself to love.
I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet to make me, extends his Goodness more.
He would not be alone, who all things can;
But peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man.
Raphael. As Man and Angels to the Deity,
So all inferiour Creatures are to thee.
Heav'n's Greatness no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and those thou want'st not here.
Adam. Why did he Reason in my Soul implant,
And Speech, th' effect of Reason? To the Mute
My Speech is lost; my Reason to the Brute.
Love and Society more Blessings bring
To them, the Slaves, than Pow'r to me their King.
Raphael. Thus far to try thee; but, to Heav'n, 'twas known,
It was not best for Man to be alone;
An equal, yet thy Subject, is design'd
For thy soft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy stronger Soul shall her weak Reason sway;
And thou, through Love, her Beauty shalt obey:
Thou shalt secure her helpless Sex from Harms;
And she thy Cares shall sweeten with her Charms.
Adam. What more can Heav'n bestow, or Man require?
Raphael. Yes; he can give beyond thy own Desire.
A Mansion is provided thee more fair
Than this; and worthy Heav'n's peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor Flowers
Of vulgar Growth; but like Celestial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit Divine.
Where golden Apples on green Branches shine,
And purple Grapes dissolve into immortal Wine.

For

For Noon-day's Heat are cloſer Arbours made;
And for freſh Ev'ning Air, the op'ner glade.
Aſcend: and, as we go,
More wonders thou ſhalt know.

Adam. And, as we go, let Earth and Heav'n above
Sound our great Maker's Pow'r, and greater Love.

[*They aſcend to ſoft Muſick, and a Song is ſung.*

The Scene changes; and repreſents above, a Sun glorioufly riſing, and moving orbicularly: At a diſtance, below, is the Moon; the part next the Sun enlightned, the other dark. A black Cloud comes whirling from the adverſe part of the Heavens, bearing Lucifer *in it; at his nearer approach, the Body of the Sun is dark'ned.*

Lucifer. Am I become ſo monſtrous? So disfigur'd,
That Nature cannot ſuffer my Approach,
Or look me in the Face? But ſtands aghaſt;
And that fair Light which gilds this new-made Orb,
Shorn of his Beams, ſhrinks in, accurſt Ambition!
And thou, black Empire of the nether World,
How dearly have I bought you! but 'tis paſt:
I have already gone too far to ſtop,
And muſt puſh on my dire Revenge, in Ruine
Of this gay Frame, and Man, my up-ſtart Rival;
In ſcorn of me created. Down, my Pride,
And all my ſwelling Thoughts; I muſt forget,
A while, I am a Devil, and put on
A ſmooth, ſubmiſſive Face; elſe I, in vain
Have paſt through Night and Chaos, to diſcover
Thoſe env'd Skies again, which I have loſt.
But ſtay; far off, I ſee a Chariot driv'n,
Flaming with Beams, and in it *Uriel*,
One of the Seven; (I know his hated Face)
Who ſtands in preſence of th' Eternal Throne,
And ſeems the Regent of that glorious Light.

From that part of the Heavens, where the Sun appears, a Chariot is diſcovered, drawn with White Horſes; and in it Uriel, *the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves ſwiftly towards* Lucifer; *and at* Uriel's *approach, the Sun recovers his Light.*

Uriel, Spirit, who art thou? and from whence arriv'd?
(For I remember not thy Face in Heav'n)
Or by Command, or hither led by Choice?

Or wander'ſt thou within this lucid Orb,
And ſtray'd from thoſe fair Fields of Light above,
Amidſt this new Creation want'ſt a Guide,
To reconduct thy Steps?

Lucif. ——————Bright *Uriel*,
Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Miniſter,
Who guard'ſt this new-created Orb of Light,
(The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
Thy Favour, and high Office, make thee known:
An humble Cherub I, and of leſs Note,
Yet, bold, by thy Permiſſion, hither come,
On high Diſcoveries bent.

Uriel. ——————Speak thy Deſign.

Lucif. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
Divulg'd by Angels neareſt Heav'n's high King,
Concerning this new World, I came to view
(If worthy ſuch a Favour) and admire
This laſt Effect of our great Maker's Pow'r:
Thence, to my wond'ring Fellows ſhall I turn,
Full fraught with joyful Tydings of theſe Works,
New Matter of his Praiſe, and of our Songs.

Uriel. Thy Buſineſs is not what deſerves my Blame;
Nor thou, thy ſelf, unwelcome; ſee, fair Spirit,
Below yon' Sphere, (of Matter not unlike it,)
There hangs the Ball of Earth and Water mixt,
Self-center'd, and unmov'd.

Lucif. ——————But where dwells Man?

Uriel. On yonder Mount; thou ſeeſt it fenc'd with Rocks,
And round th' Aſcent a Theatre of Trees,
A Sylvane Scene, which, riſing by degrees,
Lifts up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight,
With one full Proſpect, but invites by many,
To view at laſt the whole: There his Abode,
Thither direct thy Flight.

Lucif. ——————O bleſt be thou,
Who, to my low Converſe, haſt lent thy Ear,
And favour'd my Requeſt: Hail, and farewel.
[*Flies downwards out of ſight.*

Uriel. Not unobſerv'd thou go'ſt, whoe'er thou art;
Whether ſome Spirit, on holy Purpoſe bent,
Or ſome fall'n Angel, from below broke looſe,
Who com'ſt with envious Eyes, and curſt Intent,
To view this World, and its created Lord:
Here will I watch, and while my Orb rouls on,

Purſue

Purſue from hence thy much-ſuſpected Flight;
And, if diſguis'd, pierce through the Beams of Light.
[*The Chariot drives forward out of ſight.*

The Scene *Paradiſe.*

{*Trees cut out on each ſide, with ſeveral Fruits upon them: A Fountain in the midſt: At the far End, the Proſpect terminates in Walks.*

Adam. If this be dreaming, let me never wake;
But ſtill the Joys of that ſweet Sleep partake.
Methought——but why do I my Bliſs delay
By thinking what I thought? Fair Viſion, ſtay;
My better half, thou ſofter part of me
To whom I yield my boaſted Sov'raignty,
I ſeek my ſelf, and find not, wanting thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun,
Who ſhin'ſt above, What am I? Whence begun?
Like my ſelf, I ſee nothing: From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down, to look on me.
And Beaſts, with up-caſt Eyes, forſake their Shade,
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am ſomewhat, which they wiſh to be,
And cannot: I my ſelf am proud of me.
What's here? another Firmament below, [*Looks into a Fountain.*
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow?
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With ſmiling Looks, as pleas'd to ſee me here.
As I advance, ſo that advances too,
And ſeems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to ſpeak, the Lips it moves;
Streams down the Voice, as it would ſay it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not ſtay: [*Steps down to embrace.*
Loſt, e'er 'tis held; when neareſt, far away.
Ah! Fair, yet falſe; Ah! Being form'd to cheat,
By ſeeming Kindneſs, mixt with deep Deceit.

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin! Heav'n-begot, and born of Man,
Thou faireſt of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddeſs, thee th' Eternal did ordain
His ſofter Subſtitute on Earth to Reign:
And whereſoe'er thy happy Foot-ſteps tread,
Nature in Triumph after thee is led:
Angels with pleaſure view thy matchleſs Grace,
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.

Eve. O! only like my ſelf, (for nothing here
So graceful, ſo majeſtick does appear:)
Art Thou the Form my longing Eyes did ſee,
Loos'd from thy Fountain, and come out to me!
Yet, ſure Thou art not; nor thy Face the ſame;
Nor thy Limbs moulded in ſo ſoft a Frame:
Thou look'ſt more ſternly, do'ſt more ſtrongly move;
And more of Awe thou bear'ſt, and leſs of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the reſt,
I, next my ſelf admire, and love thee beſt.

Adam. Made to command, thus freely I obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.
Pity that Love thy Beauty does beget:
What more I ſhall deſire, I know not yet.
Firſt let us lock'd in cloſe Embraces be;
Thence I, perhaps, may teach my Self and Thee.

Eve. Somewhat forbids me, which I cannot name;
For ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame:
But ſome reſtraining Thought, I know not why,
Tells me you long ſhould beg, I long deny.

Adam. In vain! my Right to thee is ſeal'd above;
Look round, and ſee where thou can'ſt place thy Love.
All Creatures elſe are much unworthy Thee;
They match'd, and thou alone are left for Me.
If not to Love, we both were made in vain:
I my new Empire would reſign again;
And change, with my dumb Slaves, my nobler Mind,
Who, void of Reaſon, more of Pleaſure find.
Methinks, for me they beg; each ſilently
Demands thy Grace, and ſeems to watch thine Eye.

Eve. I well foreſee, whene'er thy Suit I grant,
That I my much-lov'd Soveraignty ſhall want:
Or like my ſelf ſome other may be made,
And Her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.

Adam.

Adam. Could Heav'n ſome greater Maſter-piece deviſe,
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies,
That Beauty yet in vain he ſhould decree,
Unleſs he made another Heart for me.
Eve. With how much eaſe I, whom I love believe!
Giving my ſelf, my want of Worth I grieve.
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight, [*Exeunt, he leading her.*
So, Thou be my Defence, I thy Delight.

ACT III.

Scene I. *Paradiſe.*

Lucifer. FAir Place! yet what is this to Heav'n, where I
Sate next, ſo almoſt equall'd the Moſt High;
I doubted, meaſuring both, who was more ſtrong:
Then, willing to forget time ſince ſo long,
Scarce thought I was created; vain deſire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts ſtill ſhot me higher,
To mount above his ſacred Head; ah why,
When he ſo kind, was ſo ungrateful I?
He bounteouſly beſtow'd unenvy'd Good
On me; in arbitrary Grace I ſtood:
T' acknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was Act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As He, who knows my Hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once queſtion'd: Hope, farewel;
And with Hope, Fear; no Depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then, Ill, be thou my Good;
And vaſt Deſtruction, be my Envy's Food.
Thus I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
Seducing Man, I make his Project vain,
And in One Hour, deſtroy his Six Days Pain.
They come again; I muſt retire.

Enter Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. Thus ſhall we live in perfect Bliſs, and ſee,
Deathleſs our Selves, our num'rous Progeny.
Thou young and beauteous, my Deſires to bleſs;
I, ſtill deſiring what I ſtill poſſeſs.

Eve.

Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greateſt Bleſſing came)
Can give no more, but ſtill to be the ſame.
Thou more of Pleaſure may'ſt with me partake;
I, more of Pride, becauſe thy Bliſs I make.

Adam. When to my Arms thou brought'ſt thy Virgin-Love.
Fair Angels ſung our Bridal Hymn above:
Th' Eternal nodding ſhook the Firmament,
And conſcious Nature gave her glad Conſent.
Roſes unbud, and ev'ry fragrant Flower,
Flew from their Stalks, to ſtrow thy Nuptial Bower:
The furr'd and feather'd Kind, the Triumph did purſue,
And Fiſhes leapt above the Streams, the paſſing Pomp to view.

Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join,
A doubtful trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er;
Then, Wiſhes; and a Warmth, unknown before:
What follow'd, was all Ecſtaſie and Trance;
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance,
And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumult toſt,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being loſt.

Lucif. O Death to hear! and a worſe Hell on Earth: [*Aſide*
What mad Profuſion on this Clod-born Birth!
Abyſs of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to ſhew
What, in baſe Matters, ſuch a Hand could do:
Or was his Virtue ſpent, and he no more
With Angels could ſupply th' exhauſted Store,
Of which I ſwept the Sky? ——
And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
On this mean Work employ'd his trifling Skill.

Eve. Bleſt in our ſelves, all Pleaſures elſe abound;
Without our Care, behold th' unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our ſhady Bowers
The creeping *Jeſ'min* thruſts her fragrant Flowers;
The *Myrtle*, *Orange*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*
With bending Heaps ſo nigh their Blooms diſcloſe,
Each ſeems to ſmell the Flavour which the other blows:
By theſe the *Peach*, the *Guava*, and the *Pine*,
And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling *Vine*,
Does round their Trunks her purple Cluſters twine.

Adam. All theſe are ours, all Nature's Excellence,
Whoſe taſte and ſmell can bleſs the feaſted Senſe:
One only Fruit, in the mid-Garden plac'd,
(The Tree of Knowledge) is deny'd our Taſte;

(Our

(Our Proof of Duty to our Maker's Will:)
Of Diſobedience, Death's the threatned Ill.
Eve. Death is ſome harm, which, tho' we know not, yet,
Since threatned, we muſt needs imagine great:
And ſure he merits it, who diſobeys
That one Command, and one of ſo much eaſe.
Lucif. Muſt they then die, if they attempt to know,
He ſees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruine lay;
Hope to know more, ſhall tempt to diſobey.
I fell by this, and ſince their Strength is leſs,
Why ſhould not equal Means give like Succeſs?
Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning Task we loſe;
Some Labour, e'en the eaſieſt Life would chuſe:
Ours is not great; the dangling Boughs to crop,
Whoſe too luxuriant Growth our Alleys ſtop,
And choke the Paths: This our Delight requires,
And Heav'n no more of daily Work deſires.
Eve. With thee to live, is Paradiſe alone;
Without the Pleaſure of thy Sight, is none.
I fear ſmall progreſs will be made this day,
So much our Kiſſes will our Task delay. [*Exeunt.*
Lucif. Why have not I, like theſe, a Body too,
Form'd for the ſame Delights which they purſue?
I could (ſo variouſly my Paſſions move)
Enjoy, and blaſt her in the Act of Love.
Unwillingly I hate ſuch Excellence;
She wrong'd me not; but I revenge th' Offence,
Through her, on Heav'n, whoſe Thunder took away
My Birth-right-Skies! Live happy whilſt you may,
Bleſt Pair, y'are not allow'd another day!
[*Exit.*

Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *deſcend, carried on bright Clouds; and flying croſs each other, then light on the Ground.*

Gabriel. Ithuriel, ſince we two commiſſion'd are
From Heav'n the Guardians of the new-made Pair,
Each Mind his Charge; for, ſee, the Night draws on,
And riſing Miſts purſue the ſetting Sun.
Ithuriel. Bleſt is our Lot to ſerve; our Task we know:
To watch, leſt any from th' Abyſs below
Broke looſe, diſturb their Sleep with Dreams; or worſe,
Aſſault their Beings with ſuperiour Force.

Uriel

[Uriel *flies down from the Sun.*

Uriel. Gabriel, if now the Watch be ſet, prepare,
With ſtricteſt Guard, to ſhow thy utmoſt Care.
This Morning came a Spirit, fair he ſeem'd,
Whom, by his Face, I ſome young *Cherub* deem'd;
Of Man he much enquir'd, and where his Place,
With ſhews of Zeal to praiſe his Maker's Grace;
But I, with watchful Eyes, obſerv'd his Flight,
And ſaw him on yon' ſteepy Mount alight;
There, as he thought, unſeen, he laid aſide
His borrow'd Mask, and re-aſſum'd his Pride:
I mark'd his Looks, averſe to Heav'n and Good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving ſtood
On ſome deep, dark Deſign; thence ſhot with haſte,
And o'er the Mounts of Paradiſe he paſt:
By his proud Port he ſeem'd the Prince of Hell;
And here he lurks in Shades till Night: Search well
Each Grove and Thicket, pry in every Shape,
Leſt, hid in ſome, th' Arch-Hypocrite eſcape.

Gabriel. If any Spirit come t'invade or ſcout
from Hell, what earthy Fence can keep him out?
But reſt ſecure of this, he ſhall be found,
And taken, or proſcrib'd this happy Ground.

Ithuriel. Thou to the Eaſt, I Weſtward walk the round,
And meet me in the midſt. (*Uri.*) Heav'n your Deſign
Succeed: Your Charge requires you, and me mine.

Uriel *flies forward out of ſight.*
The two Angels exeunt *ſeverally.*

A Night-Piece of a pleaſant Bower: Adam *and* Eve *aſleep in it.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. So, now they lie, ſecure in Love, and ſteep
Their fated Senſes in full Draughts of Sleep.
By what ſure means can I their Bliſs invade?
By Violence? No, for they're immortal made.
Their Reaſon ſleeps, but Mimic Fancy wakes;
Supplies her parts, and wild Idea's takes
From Words and Things ill-ſorted and miſ-joyn'd;
The Anarchy of Thought, and Chaos of the Mind:
Hence Dreams confus'd and various may ariſe;
Theſe will I ſet before the Woman's Eyes;

The

The weaker ſhe, and made my eaſier Prey;
Vain Shows and Pomp the ſofter Sex betray.

[Lucifer *ſits down by* Eve, *and ſeems to whiſper in her ear.*

A Viſion, where a Tree riſes loaden with Fruit; four Spirits riſe with it, and draw a Canopy out of the Tree; other Spirits dance about the Tree in deform'd ſhapes; after the Dance, an Angel enters with a Woman, habited like Eve.

Angels ſinging:
Look up, look up, and ſee
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up, and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it ſmiles, and rich with Streaks of Gold.
The loaden Branches downward bend,
Willing they ſtoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haſte,
And bleſs, and bleſs thy Senſes with the taſte.
Woman. No; 'tis forbidden, I
In taſting it ſhall die.
Angel. Say, who enjoyn'd this harſh Command?
Woman. 'Twas Heav'n, and who can Heav'n withſtand?
Angel. Why was it made ſo fair? why plac'd in ſight?
Heav'n is too good to envy Man's Delight.
See, we before thy Face will try,
What thou ſo fear'ſt, and will not die.

[*The Angel takes the Fruit, and gives to the Spirits who danc'd; they immediately put off their deform'd ſhapes, and appear Angels.*

Angels ſinging. Behold what a Change on a ſudden is here!
How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear!
From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
Their Pinions at Pleaſure the Clouds can invade.

[*The Angel gives to the Woman, who eats.*

'Till equal in Honour they riſe
With Him who commands in the Skies:
Then taſte without Fear, and be happy and wiſe.
Woman. Ah! now I believe; ſuch a Pleaſure I find,
As enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.

[*The Spirits who are turn'd Angels, fly up when they have taſted.*

I only repent
I deferr'd my Content.
Angel. Now wiſer Experience has taught you to prove,
What a Folly it is,
Out of Fear to ſhun Bliſs.
To the Joy that's forbidden we eagerly move;
It inhances the Price, and encreaſes the Love.
Chorus of Both. To the Joy, *&c.*

Two Angels deſcend; they take the Woman each by the Hand, and fly up with her out of ſight. The Angel who ſung, and the Spirits who held The Canopy, at the ſame inſtant ſink down with the Tree.

Enter Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *to* Lucifer, *who remains.*

Gabriel. What art thou? ſpeak thy Name, and thy Intent.
Why here alone? and on what Errand ſent?
Not from above? No, thy wan Looks betray
Diminiſh'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to day.
Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy ſelf unknown:
Time was, when ſhining next th' Imperial Throne,
I ſate in awful State, while ſuch as thou
Did, in the ignoble Crowd, at diſtance bow.
Gabriel. Think'ſt thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories are the ſame?
And ſee'ſt not Sin obſcures thy Godlike Frame?
I know thee now by thy ungrateful Pride;
That ſhows me what thy faded Looks did hide.
Traytor to Him who made, and ſet thee high;
And Fool, that Pow'r which form'd thee to defie.
Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n again;
Seek Thanks from Him, whoſe Quarrel you maintain.
Vile Wretches! of your Servitude to boaſt:
You baſely keep the Place I bravely loſt.
Ithuriel. Freedom is choice of what we will and do:
Then blame not Servants who are freely ſo.
'Tis baſe not to acknowledge what we owe.
Lucifer. Thanks howe'er due proclaim Subjection yet:
I fought for Power to quit th' upbraided Debt.
Whoe'er expects our Thanks, himſelf repays;
And ſeems but little, who can want our Praiſe.
Gabriel. What in us Duty, ſhows not Want in Him:
Bleſt in Himſelf alone.——————
To whom no Praiſe we, by good Deeds, can add;
Nor can his Glory ſuffer from our bad.

Made

Made for His Uſe; yet He has form'd us ſo,
We, unconſtrain'd, what he commands us, do.
So praiſe we Him, and ſerve Him freely beſt:
Thus thou, by choice, art fall'n, and we are bleſt.
Ithuriel. This, leſt thou think thy Plea, unanſwer'd, good,
Our Queſtion thou evad'ſt: How didſt thou dare
To break Hell Bounds, and near this Humane Pair
In nightly ambuſh lie?
Lucifer. Lives there who would not ſeek to force his way
From Pain to Eaſe, from Darkneſs to the Day?
Should I, who found the means t' eſcape not dare
To change my ſulph'rous Smoke, for upper Air?
When I in fight ſuſtain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone ſpent half his War,
Think'ſt thou thoſe Wounds were light? Should I not ſeek
The Clemency of ſome more temp'rate Clime
To purge my Gloom; and by the Sun refin'd,
Bask in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wind?
Gabriel. If Pain to ſhun be all thy Bus'neſs here,
Methinks thy Fellows the ſame courſe ſhould ſteer.
Is their Pain leſs, who yet behind thee ſtay;
Or thou leſs hardy to endure than they?
Lucifer. Nor one, nor t'other; but as Leaders ought,
I ventur'd firſt alone; firſt Danger ſought,
And firſt explor'd this new-created Frame,
Which fill'd our dusky Regions with its Fame:
In hopes my fainting Troops to ſettle here,
And to defend againſt your Thunderer,
This ſpot of Earth, or nearer Heav'n repair,
And forrage to his Gates from middle Air.
Ithuriel. Fool! To believe thou any part canſt gain
From Him, who could'ſt not thy firſt Ground maintain.
Gabriel. But whether that Deſign, or one as vain,
T' attempt the Lives of theſe, firſt drew thee here;
Avoid the Place, and never more appear
Upon this Hallow'd Earth, elſe prove our Might.
Lucifer. Not that I fear, do I decline the Fight:
You I diſdain; let me with Him contend,
On whom your limitary Powers depend.
More Honour from the Sender than the Sent;
Till then, I have accompliſh'd my Intent;
And leave this Place, which but augments my Pain,
Gazing to wiſh, yet hopeleſs to obtain. [*Ex.*

[*They following him.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *Paradiſe.*

Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. STrange was your Dream, and full of ſad Portent;
Avert it Heav'n, (if it from Heav'n were ſent:)
Let on thy Foes the dire Preſages fall;
To us be good and eaſie when we call.
Eve. Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which, in it, many winged Warriours bears.
Their Glory ſhoots upon my aking Senſe;
Thou ſtronger may'ſt endure the Flood of Light;
And while in Shades I chear my fainting Sight,
Encounter the deſcending Excellence. [*Exit.*

The Cloud deſcends with ſix Angels in it; and when 'tis near the Ground, breaks; and on each ſide, diſcovers ſix more: They deſcend out of the Cloud. Raphael *and* Gabriel *diſcourſe with* Adam, *the reſt ſtand at diſtance.*

Raphael. Firſt of Mankind, that we from Heav'n are ſent,
Is from Heav'n's Care thy ruine to prevent.
Th' Apoſtate Angel has, by Night, been here,
And whiſper'd through thy ſleeping Conſort's Ear
Deluſive Dreams; thus warn'd by us, beware;
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.
Gabriel. Theſe, as thy Guards from outward Harms, are ſent:
Ills from within, thy Reaſon muſt prevent.
Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compaſſion deign
To want that Place where Joys immortal reign,
In care of me; what Praiſes can I pay,
Defended in Obedience, taught t' obey?
Raphael. Praiſe him alone, who, God-like, form'd thee free,
With Will unbounded, as a Deity;
Who gave thee Reaſon, as thy Aid, to chuſe
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuſe.
Obedience is that Good: This Heav'n exacts;
And Heav'n, all Juſt, from Man requires, not acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do: Pow'r then is giv'n
Of doing good; but not compell'd by Heav'n.

Gabriel.

Gabriel. Made good; that thou do'ſt to thy Maker owe:
But to thy ſelf if thou continu'ſt ſo.
Adam. Freedom of Will, of all good things is beſt;
But can it be by finite Man poſſeſt?
I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creator's State.
Raphael. Heav'n cannot give his boundleſs Power away;
But boundleſs Liberty of Choice he may.
So Orbs, from the firſt Mover, Motion take;
Yet each their proper Revolutions make.
Adam. Grant Heav'n could once have giv'n us liberty;
Are we not bounded, now, by firm Decree,
Since whatſoe'er is pre-ordain'd, muſt be?
Elſe Heav'n, for Man, Events might pre-ordain,
And Man's Free-will might make thoſe Orders vain.
Gabriel. Th' Eternal, when he did the World create,
All other Agents did neceſſitate:
So, what he order'd, they, by Nature, do;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go.
Man only boaſts an arbitrary State.
Adam. Yet Cauſes their Effects neceſſitate
In willing Agents: Where is Freedom then?
Or who can break the Chain which limits Men
To act what is unchangeably forecaſt,
Since the firſt Cauſe gives motion to the laſt?
Raphael. Heav'n by fore-knowing what will ſurely be,
Does only, firſt, Effects in Cauſes ſee;
And finds, but does not make Neceſſity.
Creation is of Pow'r, and Will th' Effect,
Fore-knowledge only of his Intellect;
His Preſcience makes not, but ſuppoſes things;
Infers Neceſſity to be; not brings.
Thus thou art not conſtrain'd to Good or Ill:
Cauſes which work th' Effect, force not the Will.
Adam. The Force unſeen, and diſtant, I confeſs;
But the long Chain makes not the Bondage leſs.
Ev'n Man himſelf may to himſelf ſeem free,
And think that Choice which is Neceſſity.
Gabriel. And who but Man ſhould judge of Man's free State?
Adam. I find that I can chuſe to love, or hate;
Obey, or diſobey; do good, or ill;
Yet ſuch a Choice is but Conſent, not Will.

I can but chuſe what he has firſt deſign'd,
For he, before that Choice, my Will confin'd.
Gabriel, Such impious Fancies, where they entrance gain,
Made Heav'n, all pure, thy Crimes to pre-ordain.
Adam. Far, far from me be baniſh'd ſuch a Thought:
I argue only to be better taught.
Can there be Freedom, when what now ſeems free
Was founded on ſome firſt Neceſſity?
For whate'er Cauſe can move the Will t' elect,
Muſt be ſufficient to produce th' Effect:
And what's ſufficient, muſt effectual be:
Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Cauſes, free?
Raphael. Sufficient Cauſes only work th' Effect,
When neceſſary Agents they reſpect.
Such is not Man, who tho' the Cauſe ſuffice,
Yet often he his free Aſſent denies.
Adam. What cauſes not, is not ſufficient ſtill.
Gabriel. Sufficient in it ſelf; not in thy Will.
Raphael. When we ſee Cauſes join'd t' Effects at laſt,
The Chain but ſhews Neceſſity that's paſt.
That what's done, is; (ridiculous Proof of Fate!)
Tell me which part it does neceſſitate;
I'll chuſe the other; there I'll link th' Effect.
O Chain, which Fools, to catch themſelves, project!
Adam. Tho' no conſtraint from Heav'n, or Cauſes be,
Heav'n may prevent that Ill He does fore-ſee:
And, not preventing, tho' He does not cauſe,
He ſeems to will that Man ſhould break his Laws.
Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill conſent:
For hind'ring Ill, he would all Choice prevent.
'Twere to unmake, to take away the Will,
Adam. Better conſtrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.
Raphael. But what Reward or Puniſhment could be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free?
Th' Eternal Juſtice could decree no Pain
To him whoſe Sins it ſelf did firſt ordain;
And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact:
His Pow'r would ſhine in Goodneſs, not thy Act.
Our Task is done, obey, and in that Choice,
Thou ſhalt be bleſt, and Angels ſhall rejoyce.

[Raphael *and* Gabriel *fly up in the Cloud; the other Angels go off.*

Adam. Hard State of Life! Since Heav'n foreknows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?

Why

Why am I truſted with my ſelf at large,
When he's more able to ſuſtain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whoſe Strength was more than mine,
'Twould ſhow more Grace my Frailty to confine.
Fore-knowing the Succeſs, to leave me free,
Excuſes him, and yet ſupports not me.

[*To him*, Eve.

Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the Sun
Is mounted, yet our Labour not begun,
The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
But Work is Pleaſure when we chuſe our Task.
Nature, not bounteous now, but laviſh grows,
Our Paths with Flow'rs ſhe prodigally ſtrows;
With Pain we lift up our intangled Feet,
While croſs our Walks the ſhooting Branches meet.

Adam. Well has thy care advis'd; 'tis fit we haſte;
Nature's too kind, and follows us too faſt;
Leaves us no room her Treaſures to poſſeſs,
But mocks our Induſtry with her Exceſs;
And wildly wanton wears by Night away
The ſign of all our Labours done by Day.

Eve. Since then the Work's ſo great, the Hands ſo few,
This Day let each a ſev'ral Task purſue.
By thee, my H[illegible]ds to labour will not move,
But round thy Neck employ themſelves in Love.
When thou would'ſt work, one tender touch, one ſmile
(How can I hold?) will all thy Task beguile.

Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour ty'd,
That Smiles and ſoft Endearments are deny'd.
Smiles, not allow'd to Beaſts, from Reaſon move,
And are the Priviledge of Humane Love:
And if, ſometimes, each others Eyes we meet,
Thoſe little Vacancies from Toil are ſweet.
But you, by abſence, would refreſh your Joys,
Becauſe, perhaps, my Converſation cloys.
Yet this, would Prudence grant, I could permit.

Eve. What Reaſon makes my ſmall Requeſt unfit?

Adam. The fall'n Archangel, envious of our ſtate,
Purſues our Beings with Immortal Hate.
And hopeleſs to prevail by open Force,
Seeks hid Advantage, to betray us worſe:
Which when aſſunder, will not prove ſo hard;
For both together are each others Guard.

Eve.

Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeleſs to prevail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds aſſail:
And to believe his Wiles my Truth can move,
Is to miſdoubt my Reaſon or my Love.
Adam. Call it my Care, and not miſtruſt of thee;
Yet thou art weak, und full of Art is he;
Elſe how could he that Hoſt ſeduce to Sin,
Whoſe Fall has left the Heav'nly Nation thin?
Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtilty and Hate;
But why ſhould we ſuſpect our happy ſtate?
Is our Perfection of ſo frail a make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine and ſhake?
Think better both of Heav'n, thy ſelf and me:
Who always fears, at eaſe can never be.
Poor ſtate of Bliſs, where ſo much Care is ſhown,
As not to dare to truſt our ſelves alone!
Adam. Such is our ſtate, as not exempt from fall;
Yet firm, if Reaſon to our Aid we call:
And that, in both, is ſtronger than in one;
I would not; why would'ſt thou, then, be alone?
Eve. Becauſe thus warn'd, I know my ſelf ſecure,
And long my little Trial to endure,
T' approve my Faith, thy needleſs Fears remove;
Gain thy Eſteem, and ſo deſerve thy Love.
If all this ſhake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that ev'n preſent, I am abſent ſtill:
And then what Pleaſure hop'ſt thou in my ſtay,
When I'm conſtrain'd, and wiſh my ſelf away.
Adam. Conſtraint does ill with Love and Beauty ſute;
I would perſwade, but not be abſolute.
Better be much remiſs than too ſevere,
If pleas'd in abſence, thou wilt ſtill be here:
Go, in thy Native Innocence proceed,
And ſummon all thy Reaſon at thy Need.
Eve. My Soul, my Eyes Delight; in this I find
Thou lov'ſt, becauſe to love is to be kind.

[*Embracing him.*

Seeking my Trial, I am ſtill on guard:
Trials leſs ſought, would find us leſs prepar'd.
Our Foe's too proud the weaker to aſſail,
Or doubles his Diſhonour if he fail.
Adam. In Love, what uſe of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more powerful She.

Blame

Blame me not, Heav'n, if thou Love's Pow'r has try'd,
What could be ſo unjuſt to be deny'd?
One Look of hers my Reſolution breaks;
Reaſon it ſelf turns Folly when ſhe ſpeaks:
And aw'd by her, whom it was made to ſway,
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray.

The Middle Part of the Garden is repreſented, where four Rivers meet: on the right ſide of the Scene, is plac'd the Tree of Life; on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. Methinks the Beauties of this Place ſhould mourn;
Th' immortal Fruits and Flow'rs at my return
Should hang their wither'd Heads; for ſure my Breath
Is now more poys'nous, and has gather'd Death
Enough to blaſt the whole Creation's Frame:
Swoln with Deſpite, with Sorrow, and with Shame,
Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night
About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
To ſhun the Watch of Heav'n; ſuch Care I uſe:
(What Pains would Malice, rais'd like mine, refuſe?
Not the moſt abject Form of Brutes to take.)
Hid in the ſpiry Volumes of the Snake,
I lurk'd within the Covert of a Brake;
Not yet deſcry'd. But, ſee, the Woman here
Alone! Beyond my Hopes! no Guardian near;
Good Omen that: I muſt retire unſeen,
And with my borrow'd Shape, the Work begin. [*Retires.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at leaſt, with leave; nor can it be
A Sin to look on this Celeſtial Tree:
I would not more; to touch, a Crime may prove:
Touching is a remoter Taſte in Love.
Death may be there, or Poyſon in the Smell,
(If Death in any thing ſo fair can dwell;)
But Heav'n forbids: I could be ſatisfy'd,
Were every Tree but this, but this deny'd.

A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly to the Tree of Knowledge; on which winding himself, he plucks an Apple; then descends, and carries it away.

Strange Sight! Did then our great Creator grant
That Priviledge, which we their Masters want,
To these Inferiour Beings? Or was it Chance?
And was he blest with bolder Ignorance?
I saw his curling Crest the Trunk infold:
The ruddy Fruit distinguish'd o'er with Gold,
And smiling in its Native Wealth, was torn
From the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born:
The vent'rous Victor march'd unpunish'd hence,
And seem to boast his fortunate Offence.

To her Lucifer *in a Humane Shape.*

Lucifer. Hail, Sov'raign of this Orb! form'd to possess
The World, and, with one Look, all Nature bless.
Nature is thine; Thou, Empress, dost bestow
On Fruits, to blossom; and on Flowers to blow.
They happy, yet insensible to boast
Their Bliss: More happy they who know the most.
Then happiest I, to Humane Reason rais'd,
And Voice, with whose first Accents thou art prais'd.

Eve. What art thou? Or from whence? For on this Ground,
Beside my Lord's, ne'er heard I Humane Sound.
Art thou some other *Adam*, form'd from Earth,
And com'st to claim an equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field? Or sprung of Heav'nly Race?

Lucifer. An humble Native of this happy Place,
Thy Vassal born, and late of lowest Kind,
Whom Heav'n neglecting made, and scarce design'd,
But threw me in, for number, to the rest,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beast;
By Chance, not Prudence, now Superiour grown.

Eve. To make thee such, what Miracle was shown?

Lucifer. Who would not tell what thou vouchsaf'st to hear?
Saw'st thou not late a speckled Serpent rear
His gilded Spires to climb on yon' fair Tree?
Before this happy minute I was he.

Eve. Thou speak'st of Wonders: Make thy Story plain.

Lucifer. Not wishing then, and thoughtless to obtain

So

So great a Bliſs; but led by ſenſe of Good,
In-born to all, I ſought my needful Food:
Then, on that Heav'nly Tree my Sight I caſt;
The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taſte.
Not to detain thee long, I took, did eat:
Scarce had my Pallate touch'd th' Immortal Meat,
But on a ſudden turn'd to what I am,
God-like, and next to thee, I fair became:
Thought, ſpake, and reaſon'd; and, by Reaſon found
Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd.

Eve. Happy thy Lot; but far unlike is mine:
Forbid to eat, not daring to repine.
'Twas Heav'n's Command, and ſhould we diſobey,
What rais'd thy Being, ours muſt take away.

Lucifer. Sure you miſtake the Precept, or the Tree:
Heav'n cannot envious of his Bleſſings be.
Some chance-born Plant he might forbid your Uſe,
As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice:
Not this, whoſe Colour, Scent Divine and Taſte,
Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haſte.

Eve. By all theſe ſigns too well I know the Fruit,
And dread a Power ſevere and abſolute.

Lucifer. Severe indeed, ev'n to Injuſtice hard,
If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward:
Knowledge of Good, is good; and therefore fit;
And to know Ill, is good, for ſhunning it.

Eve. What, but our Good, could he deſign in this,
Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliſs?

Lucifer. Excuſe my Zeal, fair Sov'raign in your Cauſe,
Which dares to tax his arbitrary Laws:
'Tis all his aim to keep you blindly low,
That ſervile Fear from Ignorance may flow:
We ſcorn to worſhip whom too well we know.
He knows that eating, you ſhall God-like be;
As wiſe, as fit to be ador'd as he.
For his own Int'reſt he this Law has given;
Such Beauty may raiſe Factions in his Heav'n.
By awing you, he does Poſſeſſion keep,
And is too wiſe to hazard Partnerſhip.

Eve. Alas, who dares diſpute with him that Right?
The Power which form'd us muſt be infinite.

Lucifer. Who told you how your Form was firſt deſign'd?
The Sun and Earth produce of ev'ry kind;

Graſs, Flow'rs, and Fruits; nay, living Creatures too:
Their Mould was baſe; 'twas more refin'd in you;
Where Vital Heat in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a nobler Kind, rais'd up to Thought;
And that, perhaps, might his Beginning be:
Something was firſt, I queſtion if 'twere He.
But grant him firſt, yet ſtill ſuppoſe him good,
Not envying thoſe he made, immortal Food.

Eve. But Death our Diſobedience muſt purſue.

Lucifer. Behold in me, what ſhall arrive to you.
I taſted, yet I live; nay, more, have got
A ſtate more perfect than my Native Lot.
Nor fear this petty Fault his Wrath ſhould raiſe;
Heav'n rather will your dauntleſs Vertue praiſe,
That ſought, through threat'ned Death, immortal Good:
Gods are immortal only by their Food.
Taſte, and remove
What diff'rence does 'twixt them and you remain:
As I gain'd Reaſon, you ſhall Godhead gain.

Eve aſide] He eats and lives, in Knowledge greater grown:
Was Death invented then for us alone?
Is Intellectual Food to Man deny'd,
Which Brutes have, with ſo much advantage, try'd;
Nor only try'd themſelves, but, frankly, more
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd ſtore.

Lucifer. Be bold, and all your needleſs Doubts remove:
View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove)
How vaſt her Bole, how wide her Arms are ſpread!
How high above the reſt ſhe ſhoots her Head,
Plac'd in the midſt! Would Heav'n his Works diſgrace,
By planting Poyſon in the happieſt Place?
Haſte; you loſe time and Godhead by delay. [*Plucking the Fruit.*

Eve *looking about her.*] 'Tis done; I'll venture all, and diſobey;
Perhaps, far hid in Heav'n, he does not ſpy;
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord the Lovely Fruit I'll bear;
He, to partake my Bliſs, my Crime ſhall ſhare. [*Exit haſtily.*

Lucifer. She flew, and thank'd me not, for haſte; 'twas hard
With no return ſuch Counſel to reward.
My Work is done, or much the greater part;
She's now the Tempter to enſnare his Heart.
He, whoſe firm Faith no Reaſon could remove,
Will melt before that ſoft Seducer, Love. [*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT V.

Scene I. *Paradiſe.*

Eve, *with a Bough in her Hand.*

Eve. METhinks I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flow'rs rebound:
I walk in Air, and ſcorn this Earthly Seat;
Heav'n is my Palace, this my baſe Retreat.
Take me not, Heav'n, too ſoon, 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch: But ſtay, ſhall I afford
Him part? already he's too much my Lord.
'Tis in my Pow'r to be a Sov'raign now,
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood bow.
Empire is ſweet; but how if Heav'n has ſpy'd?
If I ſhould die, and he above provide
Some other *Eve*, and place her in my ſtead,
Shall ſhe poſſeſs his Love, when I am dead?
No; he ſhall eat and die with me, or live:
Our equal Crimes ſhall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, hath Earth in ſtore?
While you were abſent, *Eden* was no more.
Winds murmur'd through the Leaves, your long delay;
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your ſtay.
But with your Preſence cheer'd, they ceaſe to mourn,
And Walks wear freſher Green, at your Return.
Eve. Henceforth you never ſhall have cauſe to chide,
No future Abſence ſhall our Joys divide:
'Twas a ſhort Death, my Love ne'er try'd before.
And therefore ſtrange; but yet the Cauſe was more.
Adam. My trembling Heart forbodes ſome ill: I fear
To ask that Cauſe which I deſire to hear.
What means that lovely Fruit? what means (alas!)
That Blood, which flu ſhes guilty in your Face?
Speak —— do not —— yet, at laſt I muſt be told.
Eve. Have Courage then; 'tis Manly to be bold.

This

This Fruit——why ſhould'ſt thou ſhake, no Death is nigh;
'Tis what I taſted firſt, yet do not die.
Adam. Is it? ———(I dare not ask it all at firſt;
Doubt is ſome eaſe to thoſe who fear the worſt:)
Say, 'Tis not.
Eve. ———'Tis not what thou need'ſt to fear;
What danger does in this fair Fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd, and had ſtill been ſo,
Had I not ventur'd boldly firſt to know.
Yet not I firſt, I almoſt bluſh to ſay,
The Serpent eating taught me firſt the way.
The Serpent taſted, and the God-like Fruit,
Gave the Dumb Voice, gave Reaſon to the Brute.
Adam. O faireſt of all Creatures, laſt and beſt,
Of what Heav'n made, how art thou diſpoſſeſt
Of all thy Native Glories! faln! decay'd!
(Pity ſo rare a Frame ſo frail was made!)
Now cauſe of thine own Ruine! and with thine,
(Ah! who can live without thee!) cauſe of mine!
Eve. Reſerve thy Pity till I want it more:
I know my ſelf much happier than before;
More wiſe, more perfect, all I wiſh to be,
Were I but ſure, alas! of pleaſing thee.
Adam. Y'have ſhown how much you my Content deſign:
Yet, ah! would Heav'n's Diſpleaſure paſs like mine.
Muſt I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell?
Think, and but think of what I lov'd ſo well:
Condemn'd to live with Subjects ever mute;
A ſalvage Prince, unpleas'd, tho' abſolute.
Eve. Pleaſe then your ſelf with me, and freely taſte,
Leſt I, without you, ſhould to Godhead haſte;
Leſt diff'ring in degree you claim too late
Unequal Love, when 'tis deny'd by Fate.
Adam. Cheat not your ſelf with Dreams of Deity;
Too well, but yet too late, your Crime I ſee:
Nor think the Fruit your Knowledge does improve;
But you have Beauty ſtill, and I have Love.
Not cozen'd, I with choice my Life reſign:
Imprudence was your Fault, but Love was mine.
[*Takes the Fruit, and eats it.*
Eve embracing him.] O wond'rous pow'r of matchleſs Love expreſt!
Why was this Trial thine of loving beſt?
I envy thee that Lot; and, could it be,
Would venture ſomething more than Death for thee.

Not

Not that I fear that Death th' Event can prove;
W'are both Immortal, while ſo well we love.
Adam. Whate'er ſhall be th' Event, the Lot is caſt:
Where Appetites are giv'n, what Sin to taſte?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept ſuch:
Th' Offence ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment's too much,
To ſeek ſo ſoon his new-made World's decay:
Nor we, nor that, were faſhion'd for a Day.
Eve. Give to the Winds thy fear of Death, or Ill;
And think us made but for each other's Will.
Adam. I will, at leaſt defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by Fear, ſhall not be nigher brought:
If He will come, let Us to Joys make haſte;
Then let him ſeize Us when our Pleaſure's paſt.
We'll take up all before; and Death ſhall find
We have drain'd Life, and left a Void behind. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. 'Tis done,
Sick Nature, at that inſtant, trembled round;
And Mother-Earth ſigh'd as ſhe felt the Wound.
Of how ſhort durance was this new-made ſtate!
How far more mighty than Heav'n's Love, Hell's Hate!
His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay:
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to ſway.
Heav'n let him rule, which by his Arms he got;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the ſecond Lot.
This Earth is mine; whoſe Lord I made my Thrall,
Annexing to my Crown his conquer'd Ball.
Loos'd from the Lakes my Legions I will lead,
And, o'er the dark'ned Air black Banners ſpread:
Contagious Damps, from hence, ſhall mount above,
And force him to his inmoſt Heav'n's remove.
[*A Clap of Thunder is heard.*
He hears already, and I boaſt too ſoon;
I dread that Engine which ſecur'd his Throne.
I'll dive below his Wrath, into the Deep. [*Sinks down.*
And waſte that Empire which I cannot keep.

Raphael *and* Gabriel *deſcend.*

Raphael. As much of Grief as Happineſs admits,
In Heav'n, on each Celeſtial Forehead ſits:

Kindneſs

Kindneſs for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliſs, and yet not violate.
Their Heav'nly Harps a lower Strain began,
And in ſoft Muſick mourn'd the Fall of Man.

Gabriel. I ſaw th' Angelick Guards from Earth aſcend,
(Griev'd they muſt now no longer Man attend:)
The Beams about their Temples dimly ſhone,
One would have thought the Crime had been their own.
The Etherial People flock'd for News in haſte,
Whom they, with down-caſt Looks, and ſcarce ſaluting paſt:
While each did, in his penſive Breaſt, prepare
A ſad Account of their ſucceſſleſs Care.

Raphael. Th' Eternal yet, in Majeſty ſevere,
And ſtricteſt Juſtice, did mild Pity bear:
Their Death's deferr'd, and Baniſhment (their Doom)
In Penitence foreſeen, leaves Mercy room.

Gabriel. That Meſſage is thy Charge; mine leads me hence,
Plac'd at the Garden's Gate for its Defence,
Leſt Man returning, the beſt Place pollute,
And 'ſcape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit.

Another Clap of Thunder. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *affrighted.*

Adam In what dark Cavern ſhall I hide my Head?
Where ſeek retreat, now Innocence is fled:
Safe in that Guard, I durſt ev'n Hell defie;
Without it, tremble now, when Heav'n is nigh.

Eve. What ſhall we do, or where direct our flight?
Eaſtward as far as I could caſt my Sight,
From op'ning Heavens, I ſaw deſcending Light:
Its glitt'ring through the Trees I ſtill behold;
The Cedar-tops ſeem all to burn with Gold.

Adam. Some Shape Divine, whoſe Beams I cannot bear!
Would I were hid where Light could not appear,
Deep into ſome think Covert would I run,
Impenetrable to the Stars, or Sun:
And fenc'd from Day, by Night's Eternal Skreen;
Unknown to Heav'n, and to my ſelf unſeen.

Eve. In vain; what hope to ſhun his piercing Sight,
Who, from dark Chaos, ſtroke the Sparks of Light?

Adam. Theſe ſhould have been your thoughts when parting hence;
You truſted to your guideleſs Innocence.

See now th' Effects of your own wilful Mind:
Guilt walks before us, Death purſues behind.
So fatal 'twas to ſeek Temptations out:
Moſt Confidence has ſtill moſt cauſe to doubt.
Eve. Such might have been thy Hap, alone aſſail'd;
And ſo, together, might we both have fail'd.
Curs'd Vaſſalage of all my future Kind:
Firſt idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fire be o'er,
Then Slaves to thoſe who courted us before.
Adam. I counſel'd you to ſtay; your Pride refus'd:
By your own lawleſs Will you ſtand accus'd.
Eve. Have you that Priviledge of only Wife,
And would you yield to her you ſo deſpiſe?
You ſhould have ſhown th' Authority you boaſt,
And, Sov'raign-like my headlong Will have croſt.
Counſel was not enough to ſway my Heart;
An abſolute Reſtraint had been your part.
Adam. Ev'n ſuch Returns do they deſerve to find,
When force is lawful, who are fondly kind.
Unlike my Love: for when thy Guilt I knew,
I ſhar'd the Curſe which did that Crime purſue.
Hard Fate of Love! which Rigour did forbear,
And now 'tis tax'd, becauſe 'twas not ſevere.
Eve. You have, your ſelf, your Kindneſs over-paid;
He ceaſes to oblige, who can upbraid.
Adam. On Woman's Vertue, who too much rely,
To boundleſs Will give boundleſs Liberty.
Reſtraint you will not brook; but think it hard
Your Prudence is not truſted as your Guard:
And to your ſelves ſo left, if Ill enſues,
You firſt our weak Indulgence will accuſe.
Curſt be that Hour——————
When ſated with my ſingle Happineſs,
I choſe a Partner to controul my Bliſs;
Who wants that Reaſon which her Will ſhould ſway,
And knows but juſt enough to diſobey.
Eve. Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone;
Of Reaſon void, accountable for none:
Th' unhappieſt of Creation is a Wife,
Made loweſt, in the higheſt Rank of Life:
Her Fellow's Slave; to know, and not to chuſe:
Curſt with that Reaſon ſhe muſt never uſe.
Adam. Add, that She's proud, fantaſtick, apt to change;
Reſtleſs at home, and ever prone to range:

With Shows delighted, and ſo vain is She,
She'll meet the Devil, rather than not ſee.
Our wiſe Creator, for this Choires Divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all Maſculine.
Ah! why muſt Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect, this helpleſs Aid, call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life.
Poſterity no Pairs from you ſhall find,
But ſuch as by miſtake of Love are joyn'd:
The worthieſt Men their Wiſhes ne'er ſhall gain;
But ſee the Slaves they ſcorn, their Loves obtain.
Blind Appetite ſhall your Wild Fancies Rule;
Falſe to deſert, and faithful to a Fool.

[*Turns in anger from her, and is going off.*

Eve kneeling.] Unkind! wilt thou forſake me in diſtreſs,
For that which now is paſt me to redreſs?
I have miſdone; and I endure the ſmart:
Loth to acknowledge, but more loth to part.
The blame be mine; you warn'd, and I refus'd:
What would you more? I have my ſelf accus'd.
Was plighted Faith ſo weakly ſeal'd above,
That, for one Errour, I muſt loſe your Love?
Had you ſo err'd, I ſhould have been more kind,
Than to add pain to an afflicted Mind.

Adam. Y' are grown much humbler than you were before:
I pardon you; but ſee my Face no more.

Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater Ill:
Be ſtill diſpleas'd; but let me ſee you ſtill.
Without your much-lov'd Sight, I cannot live:
You more than kill me, if you ſo forgive.
The Beaſts, ſince we are fall'n, their Lords deſpiſe;
And, paſſing, look at me with glaring Eyes;
Muſt I then wander helpleſs and alone?
You'll pity me too late when I am gone.

Adam: Your Penitence does my Compaſſion move;
As you deſerve it, I may give my Love.

Eve. On me alone let Heav'n's Diſpleaſure fall;
You merit none, and I deſerve it all.

Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath! how could you bear a part,
Who bore not mine, but with a bleeding Heart?
I was too ſtubborn, thus to make you ſue:
Forgive me; I am more in fault than you.
Return to me, and to my Love return;
And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter

Enter Raphael.

Raphael. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was ſent;
For Sin, I now pronounce thy Puniſhment.
Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes require;
Th' All-Good does not his Creatures Death deſire:
Juſtice muſt puniſh the rebellious Deed:
Yet puniſh ſo, as Pity ſhall exceed.
Adam. I neither can diſpute his Will, nor dare;
Death will diſmiſs me from my future Care,
And lay me ſoftly in my Native Duſt,
To pay the forfet of ill-manag'd Truſt.
Eve. Why ſeek you Death? Conſider ere you ſpeak;
The Laws were hard, the Pow'r to keep 'em, weak.
Did we ſollicite Heav'n to mould our Clay,
From Darkneſs, to produce us to the Day?
Did we concur to Life, or chuſe to be?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it He?
Since 'twas His Choice, not ours, which plac'd us here,
The Laws we did not chuſe, why ſhould we bear?
Adam. Seek not in vain our Maker to accuſe:
Terms were propos'd; Pow'r left us to refuſe.
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'n's Free-will,
And ſhall we murmur to endure the Ill?
Should we a Rebel-Son's Excuſe receive,
Becauſe he was begot without his leave?
Heav'n's Right in us is more; firſt, form'd to ſerve;
The Good we merit not, the Ill deſerve.
Raphael. Death is deferr'd, and Penitence has room
To mitigate, if not reverſe the Doom:
But, for your Crime, th' Eternal does ordain
In *Eden* you no longer ſhall remain.
Hence to the lower World you are exil'd:
This Place, with Crimes, ſhall be no more defil'd.
Eve. Muſt we this bliſsful Paradiſe forego?
Raphael. Your Lot muſt be where Thorns and Thiſtles grow
Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at firſt;
For Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curſt:
To Adam. By thy own Toil procur'd, thou Food ſhalt eat,
And know not Plenty, but from painful Sweat.
She, by a Curſe, of future Wives abhorr'd,
Shall pay Obedience to her lawful Lord:
And HE ſhall Rule, and ſhe in Thraldom live;
Deſiring more of Love than Man can give.

Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would chuſe,
And could ſuſtain this Paradiſe to loſe
The Bliſs; but not the Place; here could I ſay,
Heav'n's winged Meſſenger did paſs the Day;
Under this Pine the glorious Angel ſtaid:
Then ſhow my wond'ring Progeny the Shade.
In Woods and Lawns where-e'er thou didſt appear,
Each Place ſome Monument of thee ſhould bear.
I, with green Turfs, would grateful Altars raiſe,
And Heav'n, with Gums and offer'd Incenſe praiſe.

Raphael. Where-e'er thou art, He is; th' Eternal Mind
Acts through all Places, is to none confin'd;
Fills Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,
And through the Univerſal Maſs does move,
Thou can'ſt be no-where diſtant: Yet this place
Had been thy Kingly Seat; and here thy Race,
From all the Ends of Peopled Earth had come
To rev'rence Thee, and ſee their Native Home.
Immortal then; now Sickneſs, Care, and Age,
And War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,
Thy Crimes have brought, to ſhorten Mortal Breath,
With all the num'rous Family of Death.

Eve. My Spirits faint, while I theſe Ills fore-know,
And find my ſelf the ſad Occaſion too.
But what is Death?

Raphael. In Viſion thou ſhalt ſee his grieſly Face,
The King of Terrors raging in thy Race:
That whilſt in future Fate thou ſhar'ſt thy Part,
A kind Remorſe, for Sin, may ſeize thy Heart.

The Scene ſhifts and diſcovers Death of ſeveral ſorts: A Battel at Land, and a Naval Fight.

Adam. O wretched Off-ſpring! O unhappy State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd to Fate!
Born, through my Crime, to be Offenders firſt;
And, for thoſe Sins they could not ſhun, accurſt.

Eve. Why is Life forc'd? No Man, who, might he chuſe,
Would not accept what he with Pain muſt loſe?
Unknowing, he receives it, and, when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.

Raphael. Behold of ev'ry Age; ripe Manhood ſee,
Decrepit Years, and helpleſs Infancy:

Thoſe

Thoſe who by lingring Sickneſs loſe their Breath,
And thoſe who by Deſpair ſubborn their Death:
See, you mad Fools, who for ſome trivial Right,
For Love, or for miſtaken Honour, fight:
See thoſe, more mad, who throw their Lives away
In needleſs Wars; the Stakes which Monarchs lay,
When for each others Provinces they play.
Then, as if Earth too narrow were for Fate,
On open Seas, their Quarrels they debate;
In hollow Wood, they floating Armies bear;
And force impriſon'd Winds to bring 'em near.
Eve. Who would the Miſeries of Man foreknow?
Not knowing, we but ſhare our Part of Woe:
Now, we the Fate of future Ages bear;
And e'er their Birth, behold our Dead appear.
Adam. The Deaths thou ſhow'ſt are forc'd, and full of Striſe;
Caſt headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no ſmooth deſcent, no painleſs way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay?
Raphael. There is; but rarely ſhall that Path be trod,
Which, without Horrour, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow,
To diſtant Fate, by eaſie Journeys, go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as Ev'ening Sheep,
On their own woolly Fleeces ſoftly ſleep.
Adam. So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch Death to find,
Like timely Fruit, not ſhaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs Bough,
And dying, nothing to my ſelf would owe.
Eve. Thus, daily changing, with a duller taſte
Of leſs'ning Joys, I, by degrees, would waſte:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And ſteal my ſelf from Life, and melt away.
Raphael. Death you have ſeen:
How happy they in deathleſs Pleaſures live,
Far more than I can ſhow, or you can ſee,
Shall crown the bleſt with Immortality.

Here a Heaven deſcends, full of Angels and bleſſed Spirits, with ſoft Muſick; a Song and Chorus.

Adam. O Goodneſs infinite! whoſe Heav'nly Will
Can ſo much Good produce, from ſo much Ill!
Happy their ſtate!

Pure

Pure, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
From Sins, as did my frailer Innocence.
Their Joy ſincere, and with no ſorrow mixt,
Eternity ſtands permanent, and fixt,
And Wheels no longer on the Poles of Time;
Secure from Fate, and more ſecure from Crime.

Eve. Raviſh'd with Joy, I can but half repent
The Sin, which Heav'n makes happy in th' Event.

Raphael. Thus arm'd, meet firmly your approaching Ill:
For, ſee the Guards from yon' far Eaſtern Hill
Already move, nor longer ſtay afford;
High in the Air they wave their flaming Sword,
Your Signal to depart: Now down amain
They drive, and glide like Meteors through the Plain.

Adam. Then farewel all; I will indulgent be
To mine own eaſe, and not look back to ſee.
When what we love we ne'er muſt meet again;
To loſe the Thought, is to remove the Pain.

Eve. Farewel, you happy Shades!
Where Angels firſt ſhould practiſe Hymns, and ſtring
Their tuneful Harps, when they to Heav'n wou'd ſing.
Farewel, you Flow'rs, whoſe Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the cheerful Sun did rear:
Who now ſhall bind your Stems, or when you fall
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls re-call?
A long farewel to thee, my Nuptial Bow'r,
Adorn'd with ev'ry fair and fragrant Flow'r.
And laſt, farewel, farewell my place of Birth;
I go to wander in the low'r Earth,
As diſtant as I can; for diſpoſſeſt,
Fartheſt from what I once enjoy'd, is beſt.

Raphael. The riſing Winds urge the tempeſtuous Air;
And on their Wings deformed Winter bear:
The Beaſts already feel the Change; and hence
They fly, to deeper Coverts for defence;
The feebler Herd before the ſtronger run;
For now the War of Nature is begun:
But, part you hence in Peace, and having mourn'd your Sin,
For outward *Eden* loſt, find *Paradiſe* within. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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